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TWIN ROSES.

TWIN ROSES.

A NARRATIVE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS," "MIMIC LIFE," "ARMAND," ETC.

"How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures."

SHAKESPEARE.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LVII.

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RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY

H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

TO

MY SISTERS,

NINE OF THE BRIGHTEST LINKS IN LIFE'S CHAIN,

THIS NARRATIVE IS DEDICATED

BY

ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

PREFACE.

"TWIN ROSES" belongs to the series of narra-
ves commenced in "Mimic Life."

A friend asks, "Why do you devote yourself to
riting of the stage? could you not be inspired
ith equal interest in other subjects?" Yes;—
ıt it was not designed that the experiences of
n years should be wasted. There are abun-
ınt workers in other fields; the invisible hand
ıat rules events points out my humbler task in
is.

A. C. R.

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TWIN ROSES.

CHAPTER I.

THE WHITE ROSE.

They chatted merrily over their work,—that group of pale-faced women. Their fingers were weary, and their eyes heavy; but the employment in which they were engaged elicited a transient interest. The raiment they were fashioning, was of garish hues and seemingly rich materials. Here an ermine mantle swept the ground,—there lay a robe of ruby-colored velvet, sparkling with festal gold; scattered spangles wasted their brightness on the uncarpeted floor, and bullion glittered in prodigal profusion.

The room was long and narrow. The walls were lined with rows of shelves mounting to the ceiling. Many a tedious flight of ladder-like stair must be climbed before that apartment could be reached. It was a theatrical wardrobe.

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The mirthful voices are suddenly hushed,—the busy needles dart in and out with fresh velocity. Mr. Brown has stolen into the room unheard, and, with rebuking visage, confronts the gossiping group. These slaves of the needle are his subjects, and this Prince of "masking stuff" is a merciless despot.

The little shrivelled up costumer has, by logical deducements, arrived at the conclusion that he is the most consummate and important artist in the temple of dramatic art, from which our narrative starts. He is perfect master of the mysteries of "snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash, according to the fashion and the time." He boasts of intimate acquaintance with the classics,—and has great respect for the old fogies of antiquity,—especially for one Plato, who sagely defines man to be "an animal, with two legs and without feathers."* Mr. Brown's diminutive heart beats high in his circumscribed bosom as he reflects that *he* converts this animal man into a hero, by supplying the absent plumage.

Mr. Brown is well versed in history, but, to him the historic page only unfolds one vast, continuous illustration of costume. All great polit-

* Apophthegmata of Diogenes Laertius.

ical convulsions are chronicled by variation of outward adornment. A strict adherence to historical authority, Mr. Brown regards as the religion of his craft. He descants with unmeasured disgust upon the days when Garrick played Macbeth in the costume of a general officer, with scarlet coat, gold lace, and powdered wig. Mr. Brown has done away with all such anachronisms in the dramas he "dresses." Oh,—of course; who doubts it?

These toiling women he regards as mere human sewing-machines—out of every one the greatest possible amount of work must be extracted. He has the privilege of engaging or discharging them, i. e., of enabling them to exist or giving them a fair chance of starvation. What wonder that the presence of the Schneider-King excites awe?

Mr. Brown now carried on one arm portions of a black velvet costume, and on the other trimmings of purple satin.

"Chatter—chatter—chatter! always chattering! Set of lazy magpies! Lavish of your tongues and sparing of your needles. Pity I can't employ your tongues to do the stitching. That would be a bargain worth something. Now stir yourselves and take this in hand at once. Hamlet dress—just taken measure."

"Who is going to play Hamlet?" asked several voices at once.

"A Tyro who can afford to do the handsome thing for his stage bravery. That's the most important point. Wants the grandest Hamlet fit out that ever dilated the eyes of the British public. We'll do Hamlet for him in first-rate style."

"Is he young? Is he handsome? Has he ever appeared before?" asked Liza, the most juvenile of the group.

"What if he is? What if he hasn't?" replied Mr. Brown with decorous sternness. "What's that to you, Miss Liza? Mind your work or we can find somebody who will. This trimming must be extra rich. Can only trust that to Jeannie Garnett's dainty fingers. You, Liza, lazy bones, hunt up the black bugles and take them in to Jeannie. Tell her we want some of her finest designs. Be off with you!"

"When is the dress to be completed?" asked one of the women timidly.

"Immediately—of course, immediately. Let's have no napping over your thimbles. I shall take a squint at you again by and bye, so look sharp and no more chattering. Wish some one would invent a muzzle for women's tongues. Valuable patent that."

Mr. Brown withdrew. Liza selected the bugles, athered up the purple trimmings, and opened a oor which led into an inner chamber.

What a delicious perfume came floating on he musty, tinsel-tainted atmosphere! A gale of Araby wafted into a workhouse. What had the reath of flowers to do there?

The single window of that small apartment vas visible as the door unclosed. At the first lance, you fancied there must be a bower with- ut. A broad shelf—a species of rude balcony— r tiny, hanging garden, shot out beneath the asement. Roses and heliotropes, bright-hued eraniums, odorous verbena, sweet-scented mign- nette and spring violets crowded one another n loving proximity. From either extremity of his miniature parterre sprang jasmine and ypress vines, intermingling their pearly white nd scarlet flowers, and clambering upwards ntil the twining tendrils formed an arch over he window. They partly screened the dingy ouse-tops, but revealed one glimpse of blue ky, and gave to the casement that bower-like spect.

From a rustic basket, suspended just within he room, a luxuriant air plant spread out its ich, green drapery, and embowered a wicker

cage that hung beneath. A tame bulfinch made music within.

In that chamber's narrow circuit, how many objects arrest and charm the eye! And with what humble appliances have these picturesque surroundings been produced!

The whitewashed walls are covered with simple engravings, but the subjects are exquisite. There is the marriage of St. Catherine—here Carlo Dolci's Virgin and Child—there St. Catherine borne to heaven by The Angels—Raphael's Holy Family—Hubner's Guardian Angels—Murillo's St. John, and Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel.

The frames are constructed of pine and fir, and hemlock cones—perchance poverty could aspire to no costlier.

A small bracket between every picture, holds a statuette—of humble plaster, it is true, but embodying almost as eloquently as marble the sculptor's inspiration.

Blessed are the brush, the chisel, the pencil! Who shall say that artists are not positive benefactors of mankind? To render the beautiful ideal an actual presence, to fill the mind, through the medium of the eyes, with lovely images—to raise the hearts—to refine the

daily thoughts—are not these works of benefaction?

But let us return to Jeannie's chamber.

The pictures are interrupted by a hanging library abundantly supplied with books.

A white curtained bed fills one corner of the room. Before it stands a rudely cushioned bench—it could hardly be termed a sofa. A pair of crutches lie near.

Upon this couch reclines a fragile girl. Her shoulders are supported with pillows, her hands are busily employed upon some glittering labor. Her features, delicate and faultlessly regular, bear the impress of that highest beauty which betokens the all-pervading loveliness within. The dominant expression of her countenance is one of tender thoughtfulness.

An extreme love of the beautiful, that love which draws its heavenly origin from an affection for the holy and true—that love which the dull utilitarian cannot comprehend, because he never reflects that God might have created the earth, and supplied man's fullest need, without rainbows, without flowers, without the glorious pageantry of the sunrise, and the more gorgeous sunset sky—without the mystic splendors of the moonlight—without the myriad shapes of

symmetry and grace that hourly sweep before our careless eyes;—that innate love in Jeannie Garnett's bosom had found expression in the only utterance which poverty permitted—uncostly adornments gathered into graceful combinations by the magical fingers of taste.

Consonant with her own harmonious nature were the forms around her. They counteracted the hardening influence of life's daily prosaisms. They lulled her into self-forgetfulness. They lifted her thoughts above the day's weary routine and riveted them in holy contemplation.

That little chamber was her world. For four years she had not crossed its threshold. Well might she surround herself with objects upon which those mild, dark eyes could rest with thoughtful pleasure!

Jeannie and Jessie Garnett were twin sisters; the only children of an actress who held the position next in rank to that of leading lady in a London theatre. Its name is of little moment, for it has changed its appellation since the days of which we write. The father of the twins died during their infancy. The mother labored diligently in her profession, but her children were never employed on the stage. It was generally supposed that she did not design them for the

ls; though she made no declaration on the
ct.

her intercourse she was exceedingly re-
d,—a woman not easily comprehended.
y regarded her as a visionary, because she
tained, and, with modest firmness, avowed,
ous convictions which unreflecting minds
l not make the exertion to investigate, or
not the power to grasp; because to her it
a refreshment and delight to read "truths
wer in words immortal," truths which super-
thinkers termed deep, abstruse, unintelli-
. But her life commanded respect, and her
trusive mildness won affection.

r children were the chief joy of her exist-
With loving assiduity she planted the
of knowledge in their infantile hearts, and
to their young lips fresh waters from the
ain of heavenly life.

e twins had just entered their fifteenth
when their mother was seized with a nerv-
ever, the consequence of incessant exertion
r profession. Her illness was brief, but it
l the book of her earthly sorrows.

e orphans, even in the wild agony of their
grief, felt that their mother was not wholly
ered from them. Her angel guardianship

infused fortitude and patience into their stricken spirits. Such had been her teachings.

They had no relatives—no friends, save the casual professional associates of their mother. When her funeral expenses and other liabilities were defrayed, the sum that remained would keep want's grim visage from their hearthstone for a few months only. What was to become of the bereaved ones?

Naturally the manager, and members of the company, advised the only course which to them appeared feasible—the children must adopt their mother's vocation.

Bewildered by the sudden shock, and clinging with passionate fondness to each other, the sisters were induced to listen to this proposition because it did not separate them. Their scenic powers had never been tested, but they had intelligence, education, grace of form, and remarkable beauty. The position of first and second "walking ladies" did not demand brilliant talents.

Their resemblance was so extraordinary that by the audience they were constantly mistaken. This likeness was not of person only, but of mind, character, and feeling. Their hearts ever beat responsive to each other. They thought

like—suffered alike—hoped alike—enjoyed the same pleasures—loved the same persons.

A year after they entered the profession, a magnificent mythological spectacle was represented with great splendor. Jeannie personated Proserpine—and Jessie, Juno.

As Proserpine is gathering flowers in the fields of Enna, she is captured by Pluto. He forces her into his chariot, the ground suddenly opens, and they descend to the regions over which he reigns.

This classical feat, transferred to the boards, is necessarily executed by means of a trap. The cords which sustained the descending platform chanced to be insecure—they slackened—gave way! Pluto and Proserpine were precipitated into the vault beneath the stage. The lower regions, indeed! Both were severely injured. The actor broke his leg. Jeannie's calamity was of a more complicated description and produced a spinal disease.

We pass over the horror and anguish of Jessie,—Jeannie's long illness—the mutual sufferings of the twins.

It was six months before Jeannie, by the aid of crutches, could stand. Even with their help, every attempt at locomotion was attended with

severe pain. Her entire restoration was doul
—hardly to be anticipated.

The sisters had always displayed the most
turesque taste in their stage apparel—the v
of their own hands. Their embroideries, in
ticular, were the wonder and admiration of
company. Even the self-sufficient Mr. Br
had once or twice condescended to beg that
would favor him with a copy of some flo
design.

"Though I have nearly lost the use of
feet, my hands are left me," said Jeannie tc
sister, "and I must not forget their value. I
never act again, but Mr. Brown will emplo
in the wardrobe, I am sure."

She was right. Mr. Brown, with a sati
tion which was transparent even through
fresh assumption of dignity, condescende
accept her offer.

There was one great drawback. Even in
best regulated theatre the work of the ward
must be rapidly executed, and may be dema
at any unlooked for moment. Jeannie's l
ings were a mile distant; time was lost in c
ing the work to her and sending for it l
again.

Mrs. Budd, the housekeeper of the estal

ment, had a peculiar veneration for Mr. Brown. His wishes were her laws. He was a bachelor, she a widow—but that *might* have had nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Brown wanted his new needle-slave constantly at hand. Mrs. Budd immediately proposed that the small chamber adjoining the wardrobe should be appropriated to the twins. Jeannie could thus be always at his command. Mrs. Budd's plan was carried into execution, though the removal cost the invalid intense suffering.

Our tale commences four years later.

That little chamber, high up above the mockery and revelry—the glare and false show of the stage world beneath, was like a hidden sanctuary in some crowded, godless city. A tabernacle tenanted by two unaware angels. A spot of holy ground in a desert. And these twin roses blooming in secret—perfumed and purified the strife-tainted atmosphere with the heavenly incense of pious, patient, grateful hearts.

Could it be that a being suddenly smitten down in the plenitude of health and beauty—isolated—condemned to labor in seclusion and poverty—so sorely, hopelessly afflicted as Jeannie Garnett, could be content? That tranquil, furrowless countenance, over which soft smiles

are rippling as she lifts her eyes to the flowers, the pictures, the simple statuettes, the caged songster, give an unmistakable answer. The truths she has learned from her mother are treasured in the calm depths of her spirit, and enrich her life with that wealth which alone purchases happiness. She believes—she feels—she *knows* that every being has his allotted part to fulfil in the grand scheme divine—however humble yet important to the great whole. She labors in one remote corner of her master's vineyard—the ground is rough—the soil unfruitful—the corner dark—but the lord of the vineyard bids her toil *there!—that spot* needs most the labor she can bestow. She is content to perform the task assigned her, and humbly deems that it must be the one for which she is best fitted.

At the period of which we write, Jessie was absent.

Owing to a sudden influx of visitors on the beautiful Isle of Wight, the miniature theatre at Ryde had been hastily opened. The manager was the friend of Mr. Linkum, the London manager, in whose establishment the two sisters were permanently engaged. Mr. Linkum agreed to send a portion of his company to Ryde. Jessie was one of the number selected.

This was the first parting of the sisters—a sorrow they had never anticipated, and found it difficult to endure.

Good Mrs. Budd promised, over and over again, to take excellent care of Jeannie, but very few were the moments which that bustling, busy personage could spend in the invalid's apartment. The worthy housekeeper was always hurrying onward, panting for breath as though pursued by some invisible foe—always complaining that life was too short—that there was so little time for any thing—always laboring, but with Sisyphus-like result.

The members of the company, however, paid Jeannie frequent visits and discharged the kind offices which her helplessness demanded. The patience with which she bore her misfortune rendered even callous natures compassionate.

Liza had given Jeannie the purple trimmings, delivered Mr. Brown's order, and retired. Jeannie was sketching a rich border of grape-vines and leaves when the door flew open.

"Oh, Jeannie, I thought I must come and tell you—I am afraid I shall expire of laughter. Oh! if you could but have seen the exhibition."

The young girl who uttered these words threw herself on the low chair by Jeannie's couch—Jessie's favorite seat, and laughed immoderately.

"What is it, Dolly dear?" asked Jeannie, adding a few touches to her grape-vine.

"A stage-struck youth! The first rehearsal is just over! What fun we have had guying him! Oh, these unfortunate, facile amateurs! That's the border of his Hamlet dress, I warrant."

"Yes—I expect so, but I did not hear who was to wear it."

"The handsomest youth you need ever hope to steal a look at through those long lashes of yours. A perfect Apollo! Such a noble form—such clustering brown curls—such brilliantly blue eyes—florid complexion—magnificent teeth—mouth "like Cupid's bow," as the poets say. Can't you see him in imagination? But there's a soft place under those glossy locks. The man imagines himself destined to become a great actor. He is the very incarnation of ruddy health and happy spirits, yet he confidently informed me that there was a singular affinity between his character and that of the melancholy Hamlet! He had felt it from boyhood! He first studied the role when he was a mere youth. Now that he has resolved to become a dramatic artist, he has chosen the character with which he has such perfect sympathy for his *début!* He looked quite shocked when

I told him it would take an extra quantity of chalk and powder to suppress the natural and most un-Hamlet-like carnations on his cheeks."

"Was it well to mortify him?"

"I should not have dared had I been a man, or I fancy he has plenty of fight in him. He reminded me of the anecdotes we hear of chivalrous gentlemen at Donny Brook Fair, who draw a line of chalk around their hats and knock down any one who is bold enough to declare that it is not silver lace. This youth pronounces himself an actor, and there is a challenge in his eyes for those who have the courage to gainsay him, at their peril."

"But who is he, Dolly? Where does he come from?"

"That is what everybody has been eagerly inquiring. At last Mr. Linkum, fearing that unsatisfied curiosity would be injurious to our general health, kindly administered relief. The neophyte's father owns a handsome estate in Devonshire, and there resides. He made his gold out of iron, and is connected with The Low Floor Iron Company. Of course, he is old-fashioned and prim, and cherishes exploded notions. This is his only son. He is college bred—went from Eton to Oxford—has been

liberally supplied with funds and indulged in all imaginable whims. He came to London a few weeks ago—took the stage fever—pronounced himself incurable—consequently must become an actor. I suppose the old governor at home will get up a domestic earthquake when he hears the news. The young man has bought the house from Mr. Linkum for one night, as he could not obtain an appearance in any other way;—pays some round figures for his experiment, I'll wager. Next week he is to give us such a Hamlet as the world never saw. I don't doubt it! It will be good fun, I tell you, judging by the rehearsal."

Dorothy broke out into another fit of laughter at the recollection.

She was the boy-heroine of the company: The representative of all the pages, mischievous boys, dashing youths; *the Smikes, the Grinders, the Oliver Twists.* She was somewhat diminutive in stature, and very plump, but finely proportioned. That she was instinctively, unartificially masculine, cannot be denied; but it was masculine on a small scale. Her only feminine trait displayed itself in her intense love for her brother. That puny stripling occupied the position of second low comedian in the th[illegible]

Nature, in one of her many frolics, had given to the sister the manly, independent spirit formed to battle with circumstances and the world—to the brother the soft and yielding character that belongs to womanhood.

"How I wish Jessie were here to see this handsome crazy-brains," said Dolly, "don't you miss her, Jeannie?"

"Every hour—every minute," replied Jeannie.

"Somebody else misses her not a little," replied Dorothy significantly. "Sylvester, ever since she left, goes moping about as though he were looking for something belonging to him which he could not find. Poor fellow! He really is infatuated about that girl, and I hope his devotion will be rewarded one of these days."

"I think not, Dorothy," answered Jeannie with seriousness. "You know Jessie's views—you know she has rejected suitors in abundance. She will never marry until she feels so strong an attraction to some human being that she recognizes an internal similitude—a harmony of spirit which will be a lasting bond of union."

"Oh, bother! There you go with your high-flown nonsense about affinity of spirits. All visionary stuff. I wonder girls of so much sense can talk so ridiculously. I suppose there is some

spirit floating about in space that has an affinity with mine—is there not? I should like to light upon him—that's all! Don't you think I will?"

"Why should I tell you what I think, Dolly? You would only sneer. Hear Bulbul singing."

"You won't throw your pearls to swine, you mean," answered Dorothy. "Very good. I dare say that I could not string them into any shape that I could wear."

Dorothy, after a few more jesting remarks, withdrew.

Jeannie sat alone listening to the warbling of her bird, and, as she embroidered Hamlet's "inky cloak," involuntarily picturing to herself the destined wearer, and musing with a strange, unwonted fascination upon his past and future.

CHAPTER II.

HERMAN AND JEANNIE.

HERMAN LANDOR was an enthusiast. High-spirited—restless—impulsive—he plunged headlong in pursuit of every darling object, every ideal happiness. Excitement was his existence. When his pulses throbbed tumultuously, and the impetuous blood darted like fiery flashes through his quivering veins, then only he seemed to himself to live. His exuberant energies struggled for some outlet. A poetic temperament, inflamed by the fascination of the drama, impelled their current towards the stage. He readily persuaded himself that he was designed for and destined to become a great tragic actor. If he labored under a delusion, he soon taught his associates of the hour that to trifle with the cherished hallucination—to refuse credence to his settled conviction, were dangerous amusements.

At his second rehearsal the cynical Mr. Hawkwood, who personated the ghost of Hamlet's father, sneeringly asked whether Mr. Landor was

particularly fond of Michaelmas season. This is an old joke among Thespians, but Herman was not yet one of the initiated. He courteously inquired the meaning of Mr. Hawkwood's inquiry.

"You won't object to sibilations as a running accompaniment when you are doing Hamlet?" replied he, with mock gravity.

Mr. Hawkwood did not quickly forget the flashing eye that looked into his as Landor seized him with the grasp of a young Hercules, and in an instant transferred his locality to the orchestra, exclaiming, "You can learn another tune there, my friend."

That single exhibition of spirit and muscular strength spared Herman not a few annoyances.

The actors applauded the feat, for Hawkwood was generally detested. His growled-out revenge broke through their peals of laughter.

The business of the scene forced him to return to the stage. Landor had recovered his good humor, and comported himself as coolly as though nothing extraordinary had occurred. Hawkwood gave him one threatening glance of hatred, and then resumed his part.

The warmth and frankness of Landor's manners readily captivated his theatrical companions

By the time his third rehearsal was over, he had made friends with almost every individual in the establishment. To be sure, the friendship was of a rather dubious kind. It is always difficult to conciliate the regular members of the company to an amateur; but the charm of Landor's address could not wholly be resisted.

During the week he paid frequent visits to Mr. Brown, and finally begged to be allowed to see "the trappings and the suits of woe" that were to bedeck the noble Dane.

On this occasion Mrs. Budd chanced to be present. She added her entreaties that the young gentleman might be allowed to inspect his costume, and particularly the exquisite embroidery executed by Jeannie Garnett. Had Mr. Landor ever heard of poor Jeannie Garnett? No? Oh! of course not—how stupid of her to inquire.

Then Mrs. Budd drew quite a romantic sketch of the young invalid. Herman was quickly interested. He conceived a strong desire to behold this lovely recluse—this hidden attic flower—this "diamond in a dust hole," as Mrs. Budd fancifully styled her.

Mr. Brown looked grave, and shook his head—he did not like his *employées* disturbed at their labors.

We cannot explain by what course of re ing Herman overcame the costumer's scr but shortly after the request was made, Budd and the young dramatic candidate on their way to Jeannie's apartments.

There was quite a stir in the wardrobe,— ing of bended heads and of wondering ey they passed through. Mrs. Budd opened Jea door, but left the young man standing o outside.

She could be heard asking whether Mr. dor might not be permitted to admire the bı of his Hamlet cloak.

Jeannie probably offered to hand he mantle, for Mrs. Budd replied in her hı noisy way;

"No—no—don't leave off your work. I time to carry it to him, so I brought him wit Dear me! dear me! life's too short for one constantly carrying things about and bri them back. Come in, Mr. Landor. Here ornamental bugling, and here is Miss Ga Miss Jeannie Garnett; Miss Jessie's absent sisters as I told you. There! look at the ming, and make haste. I've no time for c ling."

But Herman only advanced one step in

rtment, and gazed around him with an ex-
ssion of mute amazement. The bowered
dow—the odorous air—the warbling bird—
simple, tasteful adornments of the chamber—
lovely, recumbent form—surely he beheld
a in a dream!
annie looked up. The surprise mirrored on
eloquent countenance might have changed to
iration, had not the dropped lids quickly veiled
ell-tale eyes.
ie resumed her work with an effort, scattering
ugles in her attempt to string them.
erman, who had stood motionless for an in-
t, now sprang forward and stooped to gather
glittering beads.
here was ample excuse for the bowed knee,
it was strangely in accordance with his sen-
ns. For

> "A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
> And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,
> Transfiguring him to music."

Come, come, make haste," in the jarring
s of Mrs. Budd, broke the harmony of two
ts that were already attuning themselves to
other. "Look at the work, young man, and
be going.—Time's precious—lost time is

lost money—neither should be parted with too hastily."

Herman arose. Jeannie held out the mantle, there was the promise of a smile hovering about her lips.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!" he exclaimed with ardor—but his eyes were not riveted on the embroidery.

Jeannie had not requested him to be seated, yet, with apparent unconsciousness, he had taken the low chair that always stood by her couch. The velvet mantle was in his hands—he essayed to scrutinize the design with which it was bordered.

"Now, you've seen it—and this pretty little snuggery up here—let's be off!" suggested Mrs. Budd.

Herman gave her a pleading look.

"Oh! I understand that. Young folks always in haste about some things, and not about others. It makes no odds—I can't stay. If Miss Jeannie will allow it, you may take your own time—but mine's too precious."

"*Will* Miss Jeannie allow me to remain a few minutes?"

Jeannie did not answer immediately.

"Just—just to make some suggestions about the style—the design of this trimming?"

Jeannie's reply was not very audible, but Herman interpreted it into an assent.

"Suit yourselves, young people, and you'll suit me. Only I hope I havn't been doing any mischief, bringing you up here, young man, since its so hard to get you away. I've no time for this sort of thing—make haste down, will you? If Miss Jeannie's work don't progress rapidly, Mr. Brown will throw the blame on me."

Mrs. Budd disappeared, very properly leaving the door which opened into the wardrobe open.

The busy group who sat there, without any design of premeditated eaves-dropping, became silent.

They could hear the full, rich tones of Herman, and the soft voice of Jeannie replying, but the bulfinch sang such a vociferous welcome to the stranger, that only a word now and then was distinctly audible.

Under ordinary circumstances, Herman's visit would have been a prolific theme for laughter, and sneering, and backbiting. But Jeannie's helpful hands had often made their tasks easier—her comforting words had rendered their grief-burdens lighter. She rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and wept with those who wept. She had the faculty of identifying herself with the interests of

others, until their interests became her own. Thus, in return, they felt for her and with her. Far from jesting at the singular interview, they only hoped that the stranger's presence might relieve the monotony of her existence.

Jeannie's visitors were necessarily received in the chamber she never left; consequently the admission of Mr. Landor was not viewed in the light of an impropriety.

"He's right handsome, and I hope he'll come to see poor Jeannie often," whispered the giddy Liza.

The needlewomen laughed assent.

They heard Herman rise to depart. He seemed to be pleading for something. They could not distinguish whether his petition were granted or refused. Then he asked in a more audible key whether he might return to see Jeannie—but corrected himself, stammering and laughing—to watch the progress of the embroidery, he should have said.

Here Liza tittered with such delight that they could hear no answer; perhaps none was given.

The glow of triumph upon Herman's animated countenance as he passed out of the chamber—the quick, elastic tread with which he traversed the wardrobe, indicated that the request had not been denied.

He bowed politely to the needlewomen, and retired.

Soon after, Liza entered Jeannie's apartment. She found her sitting, lost in thought. Her upraised eyes were filled with tears. A faint, roseate tinge suffused her usually pallid face—voiceless words seemed to issue from her parted and slightly moving lips—her work had fallen from her clasped hands and lay upon the floor.

She started as Liza advanced into the room.

"What is it? What is it, Liza?" she asked hastily.

"I came to see if you wanted any thing. But what ails you? You have dropped your work—are you ill? Are you unhappy?

There was a little sly mischief in Liza's queries.

"Ill! unhappy! oh, no!" answered Jeannie, with an intonation that seemed to convey the unspoken works, "I was never so happy—never so dreamily, thrillingly, perfectly happy."

She tried to resume her occupation.

For a few moments this appeared to be difficult. Then perhaps she remembered for whom that flowery design was wrought, for the work was held more tightly in her hands and she bent over it with deeper interest.

Day after day, Herman Landor returned. At

first he made some transparent excuse, but soon his visits became a matter of daily expectation.

He was one of those beings who receive impressions with electrical rapidity. All his actions were prompt, bold, and defiant of future consequences. Spontaneity was his chief characteristic.

No language was needed to tell Jeannie that Herman loved her—no words to inform him that he had found the golden key which unlocked the inmost chamber of her soul. Her heart gave out its love unconsciously as flowers exhale their perfume—as leaves shed their dew.

The lovers formed no definite plans. Jeannie's helplessness had prevented her contemplating the possibility of marriage—but now there seemed a health-imparting vitality communicated by Herman's loving words. Already his thoughtful tenderness had ameliorated her condition. A velocipede chair enabled her to move at will about her own and the adjacent apartment. Herman had sent it with the hopeful, *suggestive* request that it would be used *until she needed it no longer*. His sanguine spirit caused him constantly to look forward to her thorough restoration. Inspired by his confidence, she sometimes

beguiled herself into the belief that this happy period was one which might—which *must* arrive.

Jeannie's chair enabled her frequently to join the busy group assembled in the wardrobe. "Here comes Jeannie!" was a salutation always gladly uttered. They all felt—what Liza alone told her—that the room grew brighter and warmer when she entered, as though a visible radiance emanated from her—that her presence was like a sudden stream of sunshine breaking through a stormy sky.

"And stilling even Mr. Brown's thunder!" added one of the women; "for there is no one but Jeannie who can do that."

Jeannie had frequent tidings from Jessie. She delighted in communicating them to Herman, and in discoursing fondly of that heart-sister. He listened with his speaking eyes fastened admiringly on her face, and sometimes replied, "I must surely love her if she resembles you as much as they say she does."

Jeannie's letters to her sister grew shorter after her acquaintance with Herman. She wrote of his pleasant society—his daily floral tokens—the invaluable chair he had sent her—the books with which he supplied her, but she could find no language to communicate more on paper.

It never occurred to Jessie that he was a suitor of her sister's. She replied in her earnest way, "I love that unknown friend already for his kindness to you."

Mr. Brown grumbled at the invasion of the stage novice into his dominion. He sternly informed Mrs. Budd that she had too strong a propensity for bringing people together—she had treacherously opened the doors to this young man and unpleasant consequences might ensue. Mrs. Budd was duly contrite, but failed in her attempts to close the gates against the enemy she had admitted.

Jeannie's design for this particular dress, Mr. Brown found needlessly elaborate. And what time she had consumed in executing the work! Never had she been so dilatory before. Then he could not comprehend the meaning of those emblematical devices.

As the disguised Imogen carved into fantastic shapes the roots she cooked for her unknown brothers, so Jeannie's imagination and loving nature found expression through the humble medium of her needle.

The night of Herman's expected *débût* was postponed from week to week. The manager found that he could not break in upon pressing

and more lucrative engagements. Herman was quite satisfied with the delay. The Hamlet dress was completed long before it was required.

When Herman Landor in his simplicity of heart told Dorothy that there was an affinity between his character and that of the melancholy, grief-crazed Hamlet, he should have said that his intense admiration for Shakspeare's wondrous creation had excited a strong sympathy with all Hamlet's changing moods. To mistake the character of the noble Dane for a type of his own, was a very common error among histrionic aspirants. Few of them fail to imagine that they recognize their own portraits sketched by the master-hand of the great dramatist. It is one of the evidences of the vitality and reality of his ideal pictures.

In Jeannie's presence Herman quite forgot the passing infatuation.

At last the night for the *débût* was definitely fixed. Herman saw his name pompously placarded throughout the streets and announced in the principal journals. On the following night he was to be tried before the critic's merciless tribunal and weighed in the uncertain scale of popular favor.

Doubts and fears of the final decision he had none.

He earnestly entreated Jeannie to allow herself to be carried down to the wing to witness his triumph.

If she had consented, it would have been with the hope of consoling and cheering him, should his powers not keep pace with his soaring ambition. Her knowledge of the profession, its exigencies and difficulties, filled her mind with anxiety. But she resisted his supplication. She had never beheld the stage since the night of that fearful catastrophe. She was not certain of her own self-command. Her want of composure might destroy Herman's equanimity—might imperil rather than contribute to his success. Her thoughts—her prayers, would circle him round, but she must abide in her remote little chamber, and patiently await some messenger of good tidings.

CHAPTER III.

A SERPENT TONGUE.

HERMAN duly communicated his dramatic spirations and intentions to his father. Mr. andor, senior, had received so many proofs of is son's unquiet, excitement-loving disposition, hat he was inclined to look upon this histrionic venture in the light of a youthful frolic.

Grave, kind letters of remonstrance were carefully written by the father. Glowing rhapsodies on the beauties of dramatic bards—the social influence of the drama—the glorious career of the actor, were returned, in reply, by the son.

Herman inherited from his mother an organization highly sensitive to all beautiful impressions; exuberant spirits—a vehement, volcanic temperament. But this sudden passion for the stage had certainly never been transmitted to him by either parent. Very slight was their acquaintance with the drama. Their visits to London had usually been made a little after the holiday season. They had witnessed sundry

pantomimes and extravaganzas, within the walls of a theatre, but few representations of more elevated character.

Mr. Landor had amassed a large fortune by his transactions in iron. He was anticipating a peaceful retirement from the turmoil of business as soon as his son was prepared to assume his duties.

At an early age Herman had exhibited scholarly tastes. After many urgent entreaties, his father gratified his youthful ambition, by placing him at Eton; from thence he made his way to Oxford, and graduated with distinction.

On his return to Devonshire he passed a few weeks conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*, under the paternal roof, and then started to make the tour of the British Isles. On the eve of extending his wanderings to the continent, his plans were changed, during a sojourn in London, by the sudden passion for the stage which we have described.

Mr. Landor entertained strong doubts that his son's wild project would be carried into execution. Consequently, when the announcement in the London journals reached Devonshire, both parents were thrown into a state of sudden consternation.

Few ripples had ever stirred the smooth current

their lives. Well might this startling event itate the placid waters, and toss the perplexed uple on a sea of doubt and anxiety.

Their hearts were fresh and simple—unhard-ed by contact with the world. They knew uch of nature, very little of *human nature.*

That very night Mr. Landor started for the etropolis. He would argue with his son—he ould bring him to reason; if he could not event this unfortunate public appearance, he ould, at least, carry him home as soon as the est was over.

It could not be said that Mr. Landor's mind as wholly untainted by the popular prejudice gainst the theatrical profession, but that preju-ice was not deeply rooted. He acknowledged is own ignorance, and his innate sense of justice as too full of vitality to allow him to adopt a ash, unauthorized opinion.

He reached his son's lodgings on the morning f the expected *début.*

Mr. Landor found Herman animatedly declaim-ng Hamlet's soliloquy. He broke off to welcome is father, with unsuspecting warmth. His ex-ltant mood was only heightened by Mr. Landor's rrival. It was so kind of him, Herman said, to e present on the great occasion—the proudest

day of his existence—the day which would usher in a night of triumph!

Mr. Landor saw that argument would be thrown away at this crisis. He only, with great simplicity, asked Herman to promise that he would return to Devonshire the next day.

The young enthusiast replied by painting in vivid colors the attractions of theatrical life, and descanting upon the votaries of Thespis themselves, as though all the virtues were monopolized by and concentrated in their persons.

"Ah! my son! you are so easily deceived—so unsuspecting! That's not the account I have heard. I wish you had nothing to do with these people; or I hope that it will all be over after to-night. Have your frolic out, and go home with me to-morrow."

"Wait until to-night is over—to-morrow you may not renew that request," replied Herman confidently. "It's just the hour for rehearsal—I must be going."

Mr. Landor pondered a long time after Herman left. Finally, he determined to try and fall in with some of those mysterious beings who dwelt behind the curtain, and with whom his son was associated. He remembered to have heard a certain eating saloon mentioned as the one in

which actors, who had no wives at home, congregated to dine. He sought the place at an early hour—secured a seat that commanded a good view of the room, and tipped one of the waiters to point out the actors when they entered.

The members of several companies poured in before long.

One of the party, a man whose head was white as Mr. Landor's own, called for his dinner at a table not far from his.

The latter was reminded to order his own repast, but it stood untasted before him.

He was seeking for some avenue that might open to a conversation with his neighbor.

The actor had nearly concluded his rapid meal. In a few moments he might be gone—the opportunity would be lost.

Mr. Landor suddenly rose, with his pewter pot of half and half in his hand. He approached Mr. Hawkwood—bowed with timid courtesy, and placed the mug on the latter's table. The actor's name had been communicated by the waiter. Mr. Landor seated himself, and made an embarrassed apology as he offered the beverage, which it is not unusual, in England, for two persons to imbibe out of the same vessel.

There was a striking dissimilarity between the two old men. The benign face, smooth, ample brow, and simple manners of the country gentleman became impressive in their calm dignity when thrown in contrast with the sharply furrowed, hard visage, the speculative eyes, the sneering, thin-lipped mouth of the player.

Mr. Hawkwood was a man impervious to all kind feeling, and to all sentiment; a being who distrusted the motives of the whole world—who looked for guile under the fairest forms. In one thing he was thoroughly honest—his disbelief of honesty itself, unallied with policy.

Mr. Landor, on the contrary, was a stranger to dissimulation. He never thought of obtaining a desired object save in a frank, straight-forward manner. He told Mr. Hawkwood at once that he had sought his acquaintance to inquire about one Herman Landor, who was announced on the play bills to make his appearance that night as Hamlet.

Hawkwood had not forgotten the summary treatment he had received at Herman's hands on the day of his second rehearsal. There was no capacity of forgiveness in his nature. He had waited patiently for the hour of revenge. He well knew that his professional relationship to-

wards Herman would offer opportunities in abundance. He now gave his opinion of Herman in the most unsparing terms of contempt.

"You think that the boy will make an ass of himself—will fail?" asked Mr. Landor quietly.

"No question of it; I took the gauge of his talents the first day we met. A presumptuous, inflated coxcomb. He pays an enormous sum for the house, or he could never have obtained an appearance. He is so thickly mailed in conceit that the shafts of ridicule don't reach him. He don't see that he is the laughing-stock of the whole company."

"He will fail! It will cure him of wanting to be an actor!" said Mr. Landor, in a tone of relief.

"Can't answer for that. Once bitten with the stage mania one is always rabid afterwards. But he'll get a dose to-night that would cure any man of whose recovery there was hope."

"Will it seem impertinent to you, Sir, if I ask your opinion of your own profession—of the theatre as an institution? I confess to total ignorance and some interest on the subject."

Who does not know that from the same flower that yields honey to the bee, the spider extracts poison? Mr. Hawkwood possessed in an emi-

nent degree the faculty of that obnoxious insect. He hated his profession—he would have hated any other, for his heart was all bitterness—his tongue all venom. He looked through a distorted medium that made the fairest pictures hideous. He could see through no other.

"My opinion of it," he answered in a somewhat measured and theatrical tone, for his vanity was flattered; "sir, I don't believe it would be easy to have a worse. I would rather be a wood-sawyer, or a coal-heaver, or a black-leg, or a pick-pocket, than an actor. If I had children, I'd rather bring them up in an almshouse than a theatre!"

"Bless my soul! you don't say so!" cried Mr. Landor aghast, and his cheek grew pale with genuine horror. "Is it as bad as all that? I am shocked indeed. But—I beg your pardon—you belong to the profession yourself?"

"Yes—of course; that's the reason I know it so well!"

"But you continue in it?"

"Yes—of course; what's a man to do? he must live. I don't know what evil fate cast me into that slough, but there's no struggling one's way out."

"Make an effort—make the endeavor, my dear

ir;" said the old man earnestly; "never tole-ate an evil that you can remedy. There are ıbundant occupations open to honest and willing ıands. Don't remain in such a wretched state!" ıe pleaded with increased earnestness. "I'd try to give you a lift myself. You might be a clerk, might you not?"

A cold, satirical smile darted about Mr. Hawk-wood's lips at the zealousness of this unknown friend, who seemed intent upon saving him from some imminent peril.

"No, no—it's too late; I must go on as I began."

"Never too late to mend; never too late while the Lord grants us life. Take heart, man, and tell me if there's nothing to which you could turn your hand."

"No—no, thank you. I'm bound to the wheel —a dramatic Ixion—there is no breaking the chain, or dissolving the enchantment. You can't conceive the effect of this profession on the mind and character. We may hate the spell, but cannot free ourselves. Nay, if that young, stage-struck donkey had wit enough to make a hit to night, he'd bind himself—sell himself to the same magical slavery. The only hope for him is that he will make a fool of himself and get disgusted

at the want of discernment of the public who won't discover his brilliant worth."

"He is my son, sir—my only son!" replied Mr. Landor with emotion. "I rejoice that you think he can never become an actor. I believe you to be an honest man, and I thank you for the information you have given me on an important subject. I know that it can be relied upon. You have done me a great service, Mr. Hawkwood. As for my son, I would a thousand times rather have him endure the mortification of this failure than have him run the risk of even desiring to enter the profession. He is high-spirited—a great enthusiast, sir, and the disappointment will tame him down. That's all he needs. A noble boy, but too fond of excitement—too unsteady, and not content to walk in the same track that those who went before him found good enough. Ah! well, we were all young once."

"Yes—and I don't see what good it did us;" remarked Mr. Hawkwood drily. "Since this youngster's your son, I'll keep an eye on him for your sake, sir." There was a malicious twinkle in Mr. Hawkwood's snaky eyes as he spoke, that might have conveyed to a more sophisticated observer than Landor's the *kind* of eye he would probably keep.

"Sir, you make me your debtor—I thank you rom my soul!" and the father shook the wily ıctor's hand. "The boy is very dear to us—our ınly child;—you will help me to save him from his terrible fate, at all hazards. If he were to ɔersist in becoming an actor, I would wholly liscard him—that would bring him to reason. But it would be dreadful for his mother to bear—and hard on me, very hard; but I would do my duty without flinching."

"It would be harder, I fancy, to see him become a low, unprincipled fellow of the same stamp as most of his companions."

"Yes—yes; there it is—the association, the association is so dangerous; he must break that off at once. I will talk to him to-morrow—it would be useless to-day. I cannot go to see him play the harlequin to night—I couldn't stand it;—but perhaps you will have the goodness to meet me here after the play. I will esteem it a great favor. I can trust your account."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Landor."

"I do not know how I can repay you!" said Mr. Landor gratefully. "It may be in my power some day. This evening I will expect you."

And thus parted the grey-haired deceiver and his venerable, simple-hearted dupe.

CHAPTER IV.

DEARLY-BOUGHT EXPERIENCE.

JEANNIE sat in her lonely chamber. Ten o'clock had sounded from the neighboring steeple, and still no tidings of the debutant—but Hamlet is a long play. The door of her apartment, and that of the now deserted wardrobe adjoining, stood open. With love-quickened ears she listened to the far-off sounds that now and then rose, even to her remote retreat. They were confused and indistinct. Ah! would that they might be the thundered plaudits—the clamorous ecstacies of the crowd, though they only reached her in faint echoes!

She grew anxious—restless; she could not work; she tried to read. Books to her were living friends—the wisest, best beloved of tutors—the gentlest of comforters—immortal companions, to whom she could always turn and find them waiting to shed their cheering, strengthening, elevating influence upon her spirit. But now she listlessly turned leaf after leaf—her ears

l not hearken to the voice that spoke from pages. At last she reverently lifted one ne which had its place apart—sacred in its locality. Very soon a soft, peaceful ex- ion stole over her hitherto disturbed coun- ıce as she pondered on

> "Laws which holy writ unfold
> Worthy to be graved in gold."

ıe was comforted. She forgot her hopes and for Herman. The higher love absorbed the r—the temporal was swallowed up by the al.

ıere came a sound of rapid feet on the stair. mounted very fast. The steps were too y for those of any of the needle-women who d in the wardrobe. Jeannie closed her . Her breath came short and thick, and her were riveted on the door. She half sprang s the figure of a young man, booted and red, rushed into the room.

her surprise and agitation she did not recog- the youth, until she heard Dorothy's hila- voice. Dolly had made her toilette for boy-hero of the farce at an early hour, that night watch the performance of Hamlet to ose.

"Your make-up is so perfect that you quite startled me, Dolly," said Jeannie laughing. "But speak quickly if you bring the music of good news."

"Let me get my breath, will you? Jeannie, Jeannie, such fun! Just as I predicted! Oh! what a pity that you lost the sport! I shall have something to make me laugh as long as I live. I should laugh though I were dying, if I only thought of to-night's doings. As for the audience, it's a mercy some of them didn't expire outright!"

"Then he has failed!" exclaimed Jeannie tremulously.

"Failed? That's not the word! There was no chance of his succeeding. We have had the most amusing travestie of Hamlet that was ever witnessed. I never saw an audience more delighted. The pit and galleries joined the actors in guying the Danish Prince from the beginning to the end of his original personation. Why, my dear, they even *encored* his combat and begged him to die over again! Some wags in the gallery gave *vivâ voce* imitations of his very key notes. The pit, now and then, prompted him when he made a long pause—no doubt to produce some premeditated effect of his own aston-

ishing conception. There was one man who actually recited a passage before the would-be Hamlet came to it, with the most precise mimicking of his delivery.

"How he must have suffered!" sighed Jeannie in a low tone.

"Oh! I suppose so; fun to the boys but death to the frogs, you know. But don't look so downhearted, though he is a good friend of yours. Matters might have been worse. The audience might have hissed him in good earnest, might have hissed him off! That would have been a disgrace. Now it's all a joke. The people are delighted with him for amusing them by making a fool of himself. Look on the bright side, my dear, it might have been worse."

"Yes, yes; but go on, tell me all."

"I only wish that I had time. Curtain has just rung down, farce will be on in ten minutes, and I am in the second scene. In the first place you never saw a piece of male humanity look more magnificent than he did in his stage bravery. He was a picture—only it was the picture of a disguised Alcibiades, not a Hamlet. He seemed quite self-possessed—dare say he was equally self-satisfied. But the moment he walked on the stage, his face, and you know it's usually

just like a mirror with changing scenes flying across—well, his face became perfectly stony;—lost all sort of expression. His eyes stared vacantly—his mouth was drawn down—he looked like a man struck dumb or walking in his sleep. The actors played all sorts of pranks upon him. You should have seen Hawkwood, as the ghost, turning his back to the audience and putting his right thumb to his nose and extending his fingers with the left thumb to the little finger of the right hand—this fashion—but delivering the text with mock gravity. Landor looked confounded—but he did not laugh as Hawkwood meant that he should. I was half afraid the young Nemean lion would fling him into the pit. You remember that he has a fine, full-toned voice, but, when he tried to speak, I assure you it seemed to have run down into his shoes and had to be forcibly pumped up. The queen mother patted him maternally on the shoulder, and the kingly step-father made the audience shout by his mock encouragement. Even Ophelia rendered his madness more ludicrously mad by her comical way of staring at him. Then the first grave-digger, with whose exit he found fault at rehearsal, chose, at night, to make his exit into the grave and wouldn't come out. It was a rich

scene! But I warrant Landor's cured of his infatuation. There—I must go—more to-morrow. Don't look so sorrowful—it might have been worse. Look at the bright side, I tell you."

Jeannie shook her head.

"Oh! yes, it might be worse. By the way, I wish you could have seen Sylvester to-night. The dear fellow really showed talent as the second grave-digger. Jessie would have been compelled to admit that there's a deal of stuff in him. She might do worse than marry Sylly. I'm sure he's worthy of even her. But I'm afraid the curtain has risen, so good-bye."

Dorothy, with clattering boots, ran down the stair again.

Jeannie sat, lost in thought, until the sewing women, who had all wandered down to witness the *début*, returned to their work. They proposed to make up for lost time by stitching away a few hours longer that night.

Their jokes struck harshly upon poor Jeannie's ears. Not one of them seemed to have the least pity for the unlucky debutant, though they all esteemed and liked Herman.

Stage fright generally excites as little commiseration as sea sickness, yet is even more soul-trying in its effects.

Jeannie begged Liza to close the door. Then Liza came in to assist her in disrobing—for this was her especial office in Jessie's absence. Liza could not but notice Jeannie's dispirited expression of countenance. The kind-hearted girl divined the cause, and, stealing out of the room, silenced the noisy tongues in the wardrobe; for there was not a being there who would willingly have given Jeannie pain.

Herman, as may be imagined, had left the theatre in a state bordering on despair.

Man like, he would have rested the burden too heavy for him to bear on the weaker shoulders of woman. He would have flown to Jeannie for consolation;—but his respect would not permit him to break through the rule she had established. She never received his visits in the evening. He had not been able to induce her to make an exception of that eventful night. He had pleaded to be allowed to come to her in the full flush of his triumph—to cast down before her the laurels he had won—and to find his dearest guerdon in the joy sparkling in her eyes. If he had looked forward to success as lacking its sweetest element because he could not at once make her the sharer of his exultation, how strong must have been his impulse to seek her

cheering presence under the pressure of unlooked for mortification

On Herman's buoyant, mercurial temperament, sad and disheartening events made no deep impression. When Jeannie heard his step the next morning, and rose to greet him with words and looks of sympathy, she was surprised to find his countenance so much less grave than she anticipated.

Never is woman more dear to man than when she stands before him in the guise of the angel of consolation, her legitimate character—when her tenderness and tact fling the mantle of oblivion over baffled hopes and mortified vanity. Herman felt as though he had never truly loved Jeannie until that hour.

It is natural to suppose that the unsuccessful debutant would, at once, have abandoned the scene of his mortification. Jeannie urged him to do so. No—he had no intention of the kind. He cited numerous instances of great actors whose first appearances were failures, but who became eminent tragedians at a later day. His plans were changed, but that was all. He would not try to scale the ladder at one bound. He would begin at the lowest step and mount upwards. He would sign an engagement that

very day for walking gentleman, at a low salary.

"Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone."

He would drudge awhile, and earn palms worth winning, through toil and indomitable perseverance. And he would always be near his inspiration—near Jeannie! His was not a character to succumb, to be conquered by obstacles. This one misstep could not unseat him from the unruly dramatic charger he had backed. Rattling on in this style, he talked himself into positively high spirits.

As soon as he left Jeannie, he presented himself to the manager, and, in a manly, ingenuous manner, told Mr. Linkum he was quite aware that he had made a fool of himself; he was, nevertheless, determined to study the profession, and requested to be engaged for the season.

In a few minutes a contract was drawn out and signed. Herman's name was enrolled among those of the regular members of the company as walking gentleman, with a trifling salary.

Meantime his father had been anxiously seeking him.

Mr. Hawkwood had kept his appointment on the night previous, and communicated, with

malicious exaggeration, the fulfilment of his own prophecy. In his usual cynical, satirical style, he helped to confirm the bad impressions he had already given to the old man.

When Herman returned to his lodgings, after his interview with Mr. Linkum, he found his father impatiently awaiting him.

The old man greeted his son with a kind smile and an outstretched hand.

"Well, my boy, I did not see you last night. I couldn't do that—but I heard all about it. I have a friend who gave me an accurate account. Cheer up, my dear fellow, it needn't make you downcast. Your mother and I will only look upon the whole affair as a frolic, well ended. A sowing of wild oats that brought up a sudden harvest of tares. But it has cured you, and there's an end of it. Let us go back to the Retreat by to-night's train."

"I can't, sir, I told you before that I meant to become an actor."

"An actor, I thought that folly was quite driven out of your head. I thought you had made the most consummate failure."

"People may be pleased to style my histrionic efforts a failure, and I do not gainsay them; but great actors have failed before now, in their first

attempts. I intend to devote myself to the study of the profession from its A, B, C."

"Herman! for Heaven's sake listen to reason!"

"Just what I wish you to do, sir. You know very well I cannot lead a humdrum, every day life. I grow weary of content and monotonous prosperity. I should die of mental plethora—or rather I should break loose and let your business fly to the four winds of heaven. I need an exciting occupation. What objection can you have to the stage?"

"The weightiest; I have heard what kind of lives actors lead, from one of the corps;—an old man who has lived upon the stage too long to leave it now, though he rues the day he ever saw a theatre. He despises the profession and himself. He is an honest man, and dared to tell me the truth. If you have one particle of reverence, of affection for your mother, you will give up this unwise determination. Come, my boy, firmness and obstinacy have a striking family resemblance, but they are not twin brothers. You may be firm in doing right, you are only obstinate if you persist in doing wrong. Yield to us this once."

"It's too late, sir. I've signed a contract with the manager this very day. And if I had not, I

could not yield; my heart is in the profession. It cannot be renounced."

"Herman, do not drive me to threats!" said the old man in an imploring tone.

"I do not wish to do so, but I cannot alter my resolution."

"It is hard to be angry with you, my son—hard to treat you as though your father's wrath was upon you;—no, not *wrath*—I could not feel wrath towards you, my only boy,—but," and Mr. Landor recovered from the weakness to which he felt he was giving way, and resumed in a firmer tone—"but you know how true I am to my word—you know that I will not swerve one hair's breadth from the path of principle. I give you one month to decide. If you adopt the stage as a profession, at the end of that time, your allowance, and how liberal it has been I need not remind you, will cease. And ——" the old man made a desperate effort before he could complete the sentence, "so must your intercourse with your parents. We must forget that you were our son. The words are spoken. Herman, you know that I will abide by them."

Mr. Landor passed his handkerchief over his face and brushed from his brow the profuse drops with which it was bedewed. His mild counte-

nance wore a look of painful entreaty, mingled with sternness, if an expression so soft in its determination could be stern. On his visage even severity wore a gentle aspect.

"Father, you are carried away by common prejudices—you are misled——"

"No, my boy, I wish it were so. But I have not taken counsel from strangers to the profession, or from its enemies—those might be prejudiced. I tell you, my authority is one of its own members. I have heard a true and unbiased opinion; that opinion has more than confirmed me in the evil report of the world. We need not talk any more on the subject, my mind is made up."

"And mine," replied Herman, in as resolved a tone.

"I will wait one month for your final decision. Good-bye, my boy; think of your mother sometimes before you decide." He wrung his son's hand warmly and departed.

Herman well knew that his father would not waver—would not alter his sentence; that mildly as it had been passed, it was far more unchangeable than that of a man who spoke from the impulse of anger.

Herman was troubled—vexed. The stage

ever was coursing like fire through his veins. The intense passion for excitement took a syren like possession of his spirit. His love for Jeannie rendered him indignant that the temple where his idol was enshrined had been assailed. But he soon banished all thought of his father's interview, and went forth to seek the floral love-token which he daily presented to his betrothed.

As the company was tolerably large, it was a fortnight before his new duties as walking gentleman commenced, and he devoted his leisure to diligent preparation.

CHAPTER V.

THE RED ROSE.

In two weeks Herman again appeared upon the boards. There was now no flourish of playhouse trumpets. He glided unmarked into his unpretending place among the members of the company. They were touched by the candor and good sense with which he freely confessed his failure and admitted the necessity of studying their art before it could be mastered. The insignificant parts he nightly personated afforded no scope for the display of histrionic genius, but his commanding form, expressive countenance, richly toned voice, and refined bearing, won favor with the audience.

Apparently he was content with his humble position. In his heart he was always looking upwards to the high pinnacle he hoped eventually to reach, and dreaming of the time when his name would be coupled with that of a Cooke, a Kean, or a Kemble.

About this time Jeannie received a letter from

Jessie, with the glad information that she would return home in a few days. The theatre at Ryde was shortly to close. The precise night was not yet fixed.

Jeannie's heart was filled with delight at these tidings. Her sister's arrival would complete the full measure of her happiness;—good measure, shaken together, pressed down, and running over.

The letter had been accidentally delayed. Herman was sitting with Jeannie the morning after its reception. The door of Jeannie's room as usual stood open. All at once they heard a stir in the wardrobe. Then followed the exclamations, in various voices, "Jessie! Jessie Garnett! Is it you indeed? How glad we are to see you!"

Jeannie tried to spring up, forgetful of her crutches. She had just failed in the attempt when Jessie, who had not paused in her rapid greeting of the seamstresses, darted into the room, swept by Herman, and threw herself on Jeannie's neck, weeping with joy.

In a few moments she disengaged herself from her sister's circling arms, and scattering a fragrant bunch of hawthorn branches on her lap said, "I have brought you some of the May bloom, you love so much, all the way from the Island. Look! the blossoms have not withered yet. Ah!

how I wished for you, my sister, in the earthly paradise where this May bloom grew!"

The sisters seemed only conscious of each other's presence. Herman contemplated them with wondering admiration. Their resemblance was almost marvellous. "An apple cleft in two was not more twin," and yet he was struck by a striking dissimilarity.

There was the same profusion of shining dark hair, with its natural wave, that, if permitted, would have flowed into curls. The same large, liquid, black eyes; drooping lids, with long, curled fringes; narrow, finely traced eyebrows. The smile that broke into dimples. But a saint-like meekness gave to Jeannie's countenance an almost supernatural expression, while Jessie's face was perfectly *rayonnant* with the fresh, auroral beauty of a May morning; brilliant—flashing, but more earthly than her sister's. Jeannie's transparent complexion was nearly hueless, but on Jessie's cheek glowed the rich bloom that fills the eye with lustre,

> "While exertion's humid crimson
> Like a wet rose made her face."

Jeannie's form was fragile, almost to attenuation; Jessie's, though light and flexile, was exquisitely rounded, and bespoke the plenitude of health and strength.

The pale, pure white, and the velvety damask rose; blooming, cheek to cheek, and upon one stalk.

Strange, tumultuous thoughts, scarce defined to himself, flashed with electrical rapidity through Herman's mind, as he gazed.

At length Jeannie turned to him and said, "I fear you will think you are quite forgotten. Jessie, this is the friend of whom I wrote—Mr. Landor—Herman Landor."

Jessie, wholly engrossed by her sister, was not aware of a stranger's presence. She started slightly, and the hue deepened on her cheek as she rose from her knees beside Jeannie's couch.

In spite of her confusion, she extended her hand with a bewitching smile. "I have to thank you; you have been so kind to my dear sister —and I fear she must have missed me so much."

"At this moment I can hardly conceive how she could have endured your absence," answered Herman, fervently.

The sisters sat with hands fondly locked; the May bloom scattered on their knees, and diffusing its peculiar, delicate perfume through the chamber, while Herman conversed with them. He seemed to address both when he spoke to

either, and was apparently unconscious of their separate existence.

Jeannie's voice was low, and somewhat plaintive in its sweetness. Jessie's was more bugle-like and mirthfully melodious, yet even in their tones there was a singular, an almost bewildering resemblance.

Herman lingered long beyond the usual hour of his visit, and it is uncertain when he would have departed, had not the chamber been suddenly invaded by Mrs. Budd, Dorothy, Sylvester, and various members of the company, who had come to welcome Jessie home.

Then Herman gained courage to tear himself away. As he pressed Jeannie's hand in adieu, he took Jessie's also, and the close of his fingers upon hers was equally, though inadvertently, as tender.

"Jess, dear, I really think your coming has saved Sylvester's life. The poor fellow has pined sadly in your absence. Don't you think he looks ill?" asked Dorothy, with unaffected concern.

If there was any doubt about Sylvester's looking ill, there was none about his looking sheepish. He gave his sister a little shove, then mutely appealed to Jessie for the sympathy she seemed inclined to withhold.

"It's waste time talking over such things," suggested Mrs. Budd, breaking the somewhat perplexing silence which followed Dorothy's inquiry. "If he's been fretting at her absence, he's got her back now, and he'd better make the best of his time and see what she's got to say to him."

"Exactly my advice," chimed in Dorothy. "It might have been worse with poor Sylly. She might have lost her heart on the Island, and that would have been far worse. I warrant she didn't do that—did you, Jess?"

"No—I really did not," answered Jessie, laughing. "But I wish Dolly——"

"Oh! I know what you wish, and you know what Sylly wishes, and if you will grant the dear boy's wishes, why, of course, I'll grant yours. It's a bargain, and, as Mrs. Budd says, there's no time to be lost."

Accustomed as Jessie was to this kind of rattle-brained badinage, it made her feel unusually awkward and uncomfortable. She busied herself with arranging the hawthorn branches in water, greeted the bulfinch, which hopped upon her finger and pecked its food from between her ruby lips,—then examined all the flowers, took up the fresh bouquet that stood near Jeannie's couch, and asked from whence it came.

"It was sent by Mr. Landor," answered Jeannie.

"How good of him!" replied Jessie gratefully. "Truly this chamber of yours, Jeannie, deserves to be called 'a bower,' as poets, with less propriety, always designate the apartments of the fair ones whom they sing."

After Jessie had flitted about the room, reminding one of a humming-bird flying around a honeysuckle vine, she seated herself close to Jeannie's couch, with her face turned towards her in a manner which shut out the other occupants of the apartment.

Dorothy meantime was chattering in her lively way, and among other play-house gossip, giving an account of Landor's amusing *début*.

Sylvester looked askance at Jessie, and seized every opportunity to throw in a broad, ill-timed compliment. Dolly invariably repeated his words to render them more impressive. Sometimes Sylvester rebuked her; sometimes, when she improved on his idea, he simpered, and said, "yes, that's what I intended—just what I meant."

His nervous fingers were constantly twitching his hair, constantly passing over his upper lip, as though coaxing an invisible moustache

—while sudden smiles, apparently without any cause, broke over his face and faded away again.

After all other visitors had departed, the brother and sister still tarried, until the lateness of the hour forced them to return to their professional duties.

When they were all gone, Jessie once more fondly embraced her sister, exclaiming, "Oh! what a delight it is to be with you, my heart's sister!—to be alone with you once more! How trying it is to have Dolly so constantly flinging her brother at my feet, and striving to exhibit me in the light of a human Juggernaut because I pass over him! How can she suppose it possible for me to waste a thought upon such a soft-brained creature? What a contrast between him and your friend, Mr. Landor! Do you know, Jeannie, dear, I was never so much impressed with any human being before! How gentle yet dignified, how handsome yet manly he is! His very voice affected me singularly, as though it touched some chord deep in my spirit that had never given out a sound. But how pale you are! You have not been taken care of in my absence—you look really ill."

A deadly pallor had indeed spread itself over

Jeannie's countenance. Her slight frame shook with a cold tremor, she sank back nerveless on her pillow.

Jessie's loving inquiries elicited no word which betrayed the cause of her sister's agitation. Once only she made an effort to confide to her that she was Mr. Landor's affianced bride, but her lips moved inaudibly—some prophetic foreboding paralyzed them. She was choking with her strong emotion; but the more fondly Jessie sought to discover its source, the more closely the secret was locked, by adamantine gates, within Jeannie's agitated heart.

The next morning Herman came as usual. He was welcomed warmly by Jessie; but by Jeannie with nervous confusion, with unwonted reserve.

That day Jessie took part in a drama in which Herman also appeared. He could spend but a few moments with Jeannie before rehearsal commenced. Jessie, very naturally, accompanied him to the stage.

Jeannie tried in vain to stifle the groan-like sigh that burst from her lips as she saw them depart. Herman did not hear it—but Jessie turned back—"Are you suffering? Are you ill, dear Jeannie?"

"No—no—no. Mr. Landor is waiting for you —go."

Three hours elapsed before Jessie returned to ıer sister's side. Jeannie noted that her eyes lashed with even more than usual brilliancy— ihe roses on her cheek had deepened—her beauty was heightened by the atmosphere of joy that seemed to encircle her.

Jessie talked constantly of Landor, and every word she uttered more firmly sealed the lips of poor Jeannie.

Herman came not again that day. His usual floral token was brought by the call-boy, but without message. Jeannie hardly allowed herself to look at the flowers. Jessie held them long and admiringly.

"They are sent to you, Jeannie, but I may wear them to night?"

"Yes, darling, I transfer them to you; what is mine—*was mine*—is yours. It is on your bosom that such emblems of bright hours should bloom. Enough for me that I may give them to you."

Jeannie spoke so quietly that her sister never divined how much hidden meaning there was in her words.

Herman did not fail to recognize the flowers that night.

Except when the duties of his part compelled, he never left Jessie's side. The number of times that two beings meet has nothing to do with their acquaintance. Herman and Jessie felt as though they had known each other for months—for years.

Mr. Hawkwood passed them several times as they were walking up and down behind the scenes. But they were so wholly engrossed in each other that his sneering looks and muttered sarcasms fell pointless.

When the labors of the evening were over, and Jessie sat down beside her sister, she murmured, "I have had such a happy, happy evening."

Jeannie pressed her lips on her sister's fair brow as she replied, "I rejoice so much for you!" but she did not, could not add, "what has rendered you so happy?" she knew too well.

Jessie's eyes soon closed, and

> "Celestial dreams
> Began to glimmer through the deepening shadows
> Of soft oblivion."

Her sister sat watching her. Terrible was the conflict within Jeannie's soul. Her very heart-strings writhed with her great agony. Then she gathered strength as she gazed on that tranquil,

autiful face which betokened a spirit unbruised, worn.

Inspired with fortitude from Heaven, Jeannie ought

> "Of those of old
> Who carved in brass these words of gold,
> No cross, no crown!"

nd bowed meekly to receive this heavy cross, nd lifted up her heart in supplication that she ight bear it, uncrushed to earth.

Herman's visits to Jeannie were short, and essie was always present. His attentions, dur- ig these visits, seemed equally divided between ie twins. But Jeannie was not for a moment eceived. With woman's instinctive quickness, he saw and comprehended the change that had tolen over him, involuntarily, without his own onsent. One fire puts out another's burning. The dazzling orb of day had extinguished the allid star.

His love for her had been but "the perfume nd suppliance of a minute." And how unfitted as her brow to wear the bridal wreath. How l could she preside over the domestic hearth. While Jessie was all that man could desire, ough he were most ambitious—all that Heaven ould grant when Heaven is most bountiful.

And was it possible that Herman had so quickly given Jeannie's place to another? Call the sudden transfer of affection unnatural, unpardonable—it may be so; but, alas! the history of too many broken hearts and blighted spirits will prove that recording angels daily inscribe such changes in the books of men's lives.

Jeannie saw that in spite of Herman's absorbing passion for her sister, he was suffering from the stings of self-reproach. In some unguarded hour he might confide to Jessie his former attachment. And Jessie would assume the sacrifice which it was her sister's duty to make. For Jessie would surely reject Herman if she learned that she had robbed Jeannie of his heart. Jeannie gained courage as she looked boldly at this evil which menaced an existence so cloudlessly happy. Her feeble arm grew strong when stretched out to shield her sister.

It was now about a fortnight after Jessie's return. Herman was paying his usual morning visit. At the hour of rehearsal, when he rose to accompany Jessie, Jeannie turned to him, and, with a calm smile, said, "You have no rehearsal this morning—have you? Let Jessie go—will you not sit awhile with me?"

Herman stood uncertain; he would gladly have avoided this interview.

"Oh, yes—stay with sister, by all means," replied Jessie. "She is too often left alone. I am so glad you have no part this morning to call you away."

Herman resumed his seat in silence.

He despised himself—he felt like a coward—a culprit brought before some heavenly tribunal; but he could not escape.

Jessie smiled brightly on them both, and with airy step, passed out of the room.

For a few moments there was silence. Then Jeannie looked up, her countenance unruffled, and said, "Will you close that door?"

Herman obeyed, and once more sat down; but before she could speak again he started up exclaiming, "What a scoundrel you must think me, Jeannie! I know, I know what is passing in your heart."

"No, Herman," she answered softly, and extending to him her thin, pale hand; "No—I wish you could see my heart, for I have long seen what passed in yours. It was for this I wanted to speak with you. Let us not dwell upon the past. I comprehend all—my sister is so lovely—she is every thing that man could ask for as the

companion of his life; and I love her so well myself—that—how could I feel less—less kindly towards you for loving her? No—no—I do not."

"Jeannie"—commenced Herman deprecatingly, almost as though he would have denied the charge.

"I know it"—resumed Jeannie hurriedly, "I am content. I wanted to tell you so; to tell you this, and to make you feel that if Jessie loves you—but I know she does—I accept you joyfully for a dear *brother*. Now tell me that all is well and leave me, Herman."

"How meanly you must think of me dearest, dearest Jeannie! What a fickle, contemptible fellow I must seem in your eyes. How little you can understand ——"

"But I do—I *do* understand. If I thought you unworthy, I would not trust my sister's happiness in your hands. Only render Jessie very, very happy. Be tender to her. Be all that her loving heart expects in a husband—and that is much, very much;—I ask but this, and let *us* ever be as dear sister and brother." Jeannie now spoke calmly and with little apparent effort.

Herman clasped her hand in both his and bowed his head, and reverently kissed the hand he held, to hide his emotion.

"And now, Herman, pray leave me. Speak to Jessie as soon as you will. The sooner, perhaps, the better. Be true to her—Oh! Herman, be *true* to her; that is all I pray of you."

She did not mean that there should be a touch of reproach in her voice, but Herman felt there was, and it pierced him to the soul. Alas! he had been too false to the one who now implored him to be true to another.

"I will, so Heaven help me!" He answered with fervor.

"I trust you, Herman, my *brother*—adieu."

When Herman left the room Jeannie sank motionless on her pillow. She seemed hardly to breathe—her very pulses almost ceased to beat. After a time her lips gently moved—and her eyes were uplifted; then adown her pallid cheeks one large, glittering tear stole after another. They washed away the last rebellious regret—they bleached the last faint spot of selfishness that shadowed her pure spirit. Her life was despoiled, and oh! the poverty, the hunger of the heart of those who have yielded up the idol interwound with the fibres of their existence! Yet Jeannie knew it was well. To glide smoothly through life without trials, without sacrifices, would seemingly be good—but it would be a purely earthly,

transitory good. To bear sorrow meekly—to learn all the lessons of wisdom it imparts—to extract from adversity its purifying, maturing influences, this is an eternal, not a temporary good. In the furrows ploughed through the heart by such sorrow, angels sow the seeds that spring up trees of paradise and bear fruits of eternal bliss. The brightest rainbow of promise in our earthly sky is formed of tears.

When Jessie returned from rehearsal, her sister was reclining in her usual position and quietly embroidering.

"Jeannie! I am so blessed, so happy!" murmured Jessie, kneeling down beside her.

"I divine the cause, dearest, Herman has let me guess his secret. I rejoice with you. May all your bright dreams be realities."

"Ah! how could it be otherwise!" exclaimed Jessie. "Herman is my beau ideal. All that I ever pictured to myself as most admirable, most lovable in manhood. We think alike—feel alike. He is my other self! Day by day we will become nearer to each other—will be more interiorly united! Our spirits will be perfected together. We will grow better and purer—more regenerate, side by side; we will advance hand in hand towards the throne of mercy! Our

lives here will be but the commencement of that holy life eternal which we will pass as true partners forever inseparable."

"Our Lord grant it, my sister. Blessed be he for all his mercies!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVERS.

Love—ardent, all-engrossing love—transforms even common-place men into poets—not poets who pen their inspirations for the world's eye, but who pour them out, with passion's resistless emphasis, to charm the ear of the beloved. Upon such a temperament as Herman Landor's, love had the most exalting, spiritualizing influence. His most captivating attributes were all drawn forth into full light. His failings sank back into obscurity. Bathed in the smiling sunshine of courtship, how resplendently every man's virtues shine!

Herman had looked up to Jeannie with the worship of a devotee for a saint; but, when he beheld Jessie, his saint seemed clothed with mortal loveliness, and stood beside him upon the earth.

He could not endure to be absent from her side—if her eyes turned from him a shadow passed over his spirit; her wishes were anticipated be-

fore they faltered into language; the assured possession of her love did not impart a sense of security to his untranquil nature. A vague dread of losing what he had gained, added constant fuel to his passion. Even his wild infatuation for the stage was swallowed up in this more absorbing attachment. He might have said with Valentine,

> "Now, no discourse except it be of love;
> Now, can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
> Upon the naked very name of love."

There was a change, too, in Jessie, since the "holy close of lips" that sealed her betrothal. She was more timid, less mirthful in Herman's presence, but softer and meeker. Though her words were always the echoes of her heart, love's language found no voice upon her lips. She hardly ever breathed his name save to her sister, though every lip that gave utterance to the sound was full of music to her ears.

A life-pervading piety guided every act of the twin sisters. Perhaps it was a heavenly contagion caught from them—perhaps the soul-expanding, uplifting influence of love itself which caused Herman, for the first time, to experience devotional emotions. He began to ponder upon the relationship of God's creatures to their Maker —to trace out the myriad springs of blessedness

with which their existence is flooded—to waken to a sense of the obligations of the receivers towards the Great Giver.

According to the strict laws of order, woman is not man's appointed instructor in heavenly truths. Wisdom is his essential attribute—love is hers. But there are men whose souls could not be unlocked save by the key of human love placed in a woman's hand, and thus only could an influx of love for the Divine flow into their hearts. Herman was one of these.

Often on Sabbath mornings would he sit by Jessie's side, mutely listening while Jeannie read to them the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures. Many a passage sank deep into Herman's memory. Ever and anon he pressed the hand he held, in token of assent, and the pressure was lightly, timidly returned. Then would Jessie's heart throb with new joy, for she felt that their inner bond of union, at that moment, was strengthening. She more confidently than ever cherished the belief that its links were heaven-forged—the only ones that time, trial, adverse circumstances, and the power of man, cannot sever.

Jeannie appeared to have grown suddenly older, and to have become the guide and guardian of these two. Though heavy darkness en-

veloped her life, there remained to her the high privilege of rendering others happy. Could she deem herself wretched while that felicity was still accorded her? She could not be called happy—but she was what is far better—blessed!

The tranquillity of her manner had lured Herman into the belief that her attachment for him had been as evanescent as his own—that she did not suffer; and thus he was spared many a pang which his generous nature must otherwise have endured.

Herman pleaded, with lover-like warmth, that the day of the nuptials might be appointed, and vehemently protested against delay. But Jessie refused compliance until he had written to his parents and received their reply.

Herman wrote. The epistle was one long panegyric upon the loveliness of the young and innocent being who was his affianced wife.

He had received an appealing letter from his father at the end of the month which had been given him for decision. He had replied firmly but respectfully, announcing that his resolution was unshaken—he had determined to adopt the stage as a profession.

There had been no further communication between the father and son, but Herman learned at

his banker's that his allowance had ceased. It had been so liberal that a considerable sum remained to his credit.

It would be difficult to picture the amazement, the grief of the worthy couple when Herman's letter, communicating his matrimonial intentions, was received. Their son had been entrapped—lured into an evil path, and this connection would probably complete his ruin! The mother with tears, and the father with anguish that could find no such relief, pondered over Herman's rhapsody.

"But if what he writes be true," at length said Mrs. Landor; "if the girl should be as good and as innocent as our boy says—"

"If! If, indeed, wife! Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? An actress! Bred in a theatre! No—no—it is not possible. I couldn't believe it possible after all that unfortunate Mr. Hawkwood told me. And some things he rather hinted than said in so many words. They were too shocking for language."

"But might there not be an exception?" replied the mother, clinging to a faint hope. "You know a good thing *did* come out of Nazareth, in spite of the doubts of Nathanael. This girl has a crippled sister, of whom Herman speaks so affectionately—might not these two girls be excep-

ions to general rules? Is it right, is it charitable, s it befitting a godly man to condemn all because many *deserve* condemnation?"

A sudden gleam irradiated the old man's countenance. "You are right, wife; it is *not* charitable. I will go to London—I will see for myself."

"And if the girl be all that he says—"

"If she should be—even then it is a bad business, I fear,—but this I will do; I will offer to bless their union, and to take them to our home if they will both give up the stage, and if Herman will adopt the honorable calling of his father."

"If our boy truly love this girl, he will consent; if she truly love him, she will not refuse—be sure of that."

Mr. Landor made rapid preparations for his departure to London. But, when he arrived there, instead of at once seeking his son, he thought an interview with Mr. Hawkwood advisable.

Hawkwood, the moment he saw the old man, comprehended his mission, and secretly exulted in his power to injure the detested Herman.

Mr. Landor's cordial greeting, his confiding manner, and his troubled look, made no impression on the scandal-monger's callous heart. Even had he borne Herman no enmity, so strong was

his ruling love that he could not have resisted the temptation to backbite and defame—to nod and hint away a reputation by looks, and shrugs, and innuendoes more dangerous than express charges. And the habit had made "such a sinner of his memory," that he often credited his own lie.

Unsuspecting Mr. Landor received the baleful droppings from the actor's venomous tongue with a too credulous ear. He could not have repeated a single direct charge made by Hawkwood against the twin sisters, yet he was impressed with the conviction that they were artful, designing girls who had thrown their syren-like spells around Herman, and ensnared him to his ruin.

"One word more," said the old man in an agitated tone. "Am I to understand you that these young women do not bear stainless characters?"

Mr. Hawkwood made a wry face as he looked down upon his plate; then, assuming an air of frankness, he replied, with pompous intonation, "the serpent scales of sin have a glitter that blind the eyes of a youth, such as your son. These girls were bred to simulate—to act what they are not. I would not trust them any further than I could see them. You really must not

press me to say any thing more definite. I leave you to draw your own inferences."

To the old man's unsophisticated mind, these words conveyed irrefragable confirmation of all that he most dreaded.

His resolution was quickly formed. He hastened to his son's lodgings. He was not at home. When Herman returned, two hours later, he found his father seated by the table, turning over the leaves of one of the plays which lay scattered about.

He looked up and said kindly, "You see how I am employed. I don't wonder that these books interest you. I feel the spell myself, old as I am. This Shakspeare is a great wizard. I quite lost myself and forgot your absence, while reading about Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony."

Herman, amazed and overjoyed at this greeting, augured the fulfilment of hopes which he had hardly dared to nurture.

"Julius Cæsar! it's a glorious play, is it not?" he exclaimed. "I enacted Casca; did you notice that part? I really wish you could have seen my personation, father!"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Mr. Landor. "I could not have borne to have seen my son tricked out as a mountebank, strutting and bellowing to please a mob."

Herman turned away impatiently.

Mr. Landor stood up before him with a calm dignity that almost awed the impetuous young man.

"My son, you divine—you know my errand here. Your conscience tells it to you. It is to save you, if possible, from a fatal error which you are about to commit;—to prevent this marriage with an actress."

"Father, you have not seen her, you know nothing of her——"

"Nothing?" interrupted Mr. Landor in a tone almost of horror; "too much—too much! Had she been such a woman as I would rejoice to call my son's wife, I should have said, if you love each other truly, make one sacrifice in proof—give up this profession, both of you; marry and come home to Devonshire, come home to your father and mother. But as it is——"

"Stop, father, who has ever—who ever could have breathed one word against Jessie Garnett? You have only to see her—to hear her—that is all I ask."

"And to that I will never consent. Her beauty may be dazzling—her manners captivating;—so alluring that they might even warp the judgment of a stupid old man, such as I am. But beauty

of mind and character, they are what I desire for my son's wife."

"And these Jessie possesses in an eminent degree; the charms of her person are far transcended by those of her mind."

"I do not doubt that you believe so. I could not think of my son so poorly as to imagine that he could yield himself up wholly captive to a woman who had not the art to make him believe her worthy. But your infatuation blinds you. I have information from sources not to be doubted. I know all that concerns this unfortunate girl. I do not desire to see her, and could I prevent it, you should never behold her again."

"Impossible! she is to be my wife. Father, my spirit is as determined as your own, my resolution as inflexible. It may be that I inherit your firmness. I have plighted my faith to this true-hearted, pure-minded girl, and my wife she must shortly become."

While his son spoke, the lines of sorrow on Mr. Landor's countenance deepened until they assumed a stony hardness. His limbs were set and almost rigid.

"Entreaties are vain, then," he answered slowly. "Listen to what I have to say. If you marry this girl, if you give your virtuous mother

a daughter who does not bear an unblemished name, I discard you wholly and forever! The threshold of my door you shall never cross. The hard earnings of my life of toil shall never enrich you. I renounce all communication with you. You are no longer son of mine. A vow registered in Heaven cannot be more sacred than my word. Do not decide rashly."

Mr. Landor moved towards the door.

"Consent to see her," pleaded Herman.

"No—I will not trust myself."

Mr. Landor turned back and hesitated. "Herman, my son, think better of it—conquer this unworthy passion——"

Herman's eyes flashed fire.

"It is not unworthy! You will not listen to me when I would convince you of that. Relinlinquish her? Never! She is my life, my soul, my whole existence! Nothing human can part us!——"

"Not the severing of all nature's ties? I cannot believe that," said Mr. Landor in quavering tones.

With bowed head he turned once more to depart.

Herman made no attempt to detain him. That evening he gave Jessie a very brief account

of his father's visit. He confessed that Mr. Landor would not consent to his marriage any more than he would consent to his profession as an actor. He added that he was of age, and had the right of law and reason to judge for himself, and he had done so. This was all he told her.

When Jessie made a faint attempt to remonstrate, he silenced her with love's sophistry, so successfully poured forth that he finally obtained her consent to become his wife in another month.

Mr. Landor left the same evening for Devonshire.

CHAPTER VII.

A BRIDAL.

When Sylvester heard of Jessie's intended marriage, the enamoured youth exhibited demonstrations of despair so impotently tragic in their violence that they degenerated into comedy. But his brusque, kind-hearted sister, with threatening air, silenced the mirth of his associates, and protectingly consoled him in her own peculiar fashion.

"It might be worse, Sylly, might be far worse," she said, giving him a gentle shake to arouse him. "Suppose the girl was going to die—suppose she had fallen through a trap-door as her sister did—suppose she were taken down with smallpox—suppose she was clean dead and gone? How would you feel then? All that would be worse, wouldn't it be? There's a deal of consolation in contrast. Always contrast what looks unfortunate with something a deal more unfortunate—the effect is wonderfully consoling—so never forget to do that. You see it's not as bad as it might be."

"Could hardly be worse for me," replied Sylvester, dolefully.

"What? You'd rather have her dead, would you, you inhuman piece of flesh?" exclaimed Dorothy with indignation.

"No, no, I don't say that; of course not."

"Then you must admit that matters might be worse, and there's no use fretting until the very worst that *can* happen comes. I wish you could turn your thoughts to Jeannie. It would be but a fair exchange, for I'm mightily mistaken if young Landor hadn't her in his mind before Jessie came home. Couldn't you fancy Jeannie?"

"How you talk!" replied Sylvester dubiously.

"Might have a worse wife than Jeannie Garnett, though she is lame, and always likely to be an invalid. You and I would take care of her, wouldn't we? I love her quite as much as though she were my own sister already. I don't know but that I prefer her to Jessie after all. Yes, you might do worse; so cheer up, and think about Jeannie."

Dorothy had many similar conversations with her brother. She lost no opportunity of proving the feasibility of forgetting one sister by tenderly remembering the other. Sylvester, ever facile in

her hands, began unconsciously to pay Jeannie the most devoted attention.

And where was Mr. Hawkwood? Nightly watching the betrothed pair with hard, malignant eyes, speculating on mischief but half engendered in his brain.

He had separated Landor from his father; he had placed Herman in peril of being disinherited: but he had failed to render him miserable. Might he not raise a barrier between him and Jessie? *There* would be the vulnerable spot which his arrow might pierce. Was there no gall that could be dropped in the nectarean juice of that joy-brimmed cup of theirs?

Herman was so constantly at Jessie's side that the wily schemer waited long and patiently before an opportunity of approaching her presented itself.

At last, one night, her lover was on the stage during a long scene in which neither Hawkwood nor Jessie appeared. She was standing at the wing where Herman made his entrance, watching him with eager interest.

Mr. Hawkwood drew near. Jessie shrank from him instinctively, and would have retired; but he said, "Remain awhile, Miss Garnett; I have a word to say to you."

Jessie, always timid, had not courage to stir.

"You are going to be married?"

The young girl did not reply, but the conscious blood that suffused her cheek made answer.

"Do you know that Herman Landor's father refuses his consent?"

"Yes—I fear he does," she stammered out.

"Ah! you know that? Do you also know that he will cast off his son, disinherit him, disown him? Are you aware that he despises you? that he will never see you? that there is misery enough in store for you? I, as a friend, tell you this." Hawkwood poured out his enumeration of evils with a sort of savage delight.

"No—it can't be. Herman's father is not so inhuman," said Jessie, bursting into tears.

"Isn't he? Just give him a chance, that's all. These cranky old fellows like to show their authority. They despise us actors, look upon us as a vile set. And so we are, Heaven knows. What do you suppose the old man thinks of you? Would you like to hear?"

"Oh! don't torture me! you have made me wretched enough. What, what shall I do?"

"Send the young fellow adrift. Between ourselves he's not worthy of a pretty girl such as you are. If you knew all that I know! But I'll

not 'reveal the secrets of the prison-house,' or I might 'a tale unfold' that would startle you a little."

And Mr. Hawkwood ominously shook his head.

Jessie ceased weeping, and looked up with an expression of mingled surprise and horror, as she replied indignantly, "I don't believe it! I won't listen to another word. It's all equally false. Do you suppose you could make me credit any thing against Herman?"

And before Hawkwood could prevent her, she had darted away.

When Landor left the stage, he was surprised not to find Jessie waiting for him where she knew that he made his exit. This had been the custom of the lovers. He sought her in the green room, and then behind the scenes. He found her seated in a retired corner, with her head leaning against the wall. She was weeping bitterly. These were the first tears she had ever shed in his presence.

She had determined not to relate to Herman what had passed until she had consulted her sister. Her mind was sorely perplexed. Was it not possible that Mr. Hawkwood had spoken truth of Herman's father? Herman had ad-

mitted that he objected to their union, but was his opposition of this violent nature?

Herman's presence broke in upon her sad reflections. His tenderness, his entreaties were irresistible. Her resolution melted before them. She repeated the cruel words that had wrung her heart.

After a burst of indignation at Hawkwood's malice, Herman dexterously threw such flattering lights upon the picture his enemy had drawn, that it took a new aspect, without wholly losing its resemblance. The dark shadows were illumined, and the painful strokes erased. Mr. Landor appeared to Jessie a fond, forgiving father whose judgment was slightly warped by popular prejudices, but whose affection for his son was unalterable.

An hour later, Jessie narrated to her sister the incidents of the evening. Jeannie shuddered as she listened, and dark forebodings crowded fast and thick into her mind. Unless Jessie's happiness were secured, how valueless was her own sacrifice!

Herman and Jessie were to be united early in August. The bans had already been published.

Herman had taken lodgings near one of the spacious parks that enliven and beautify the

great metropolis. To adorn this modest bridal home, to supply it with comforts and luxuries to which Jessie was a stranger, became one of his most fascinating occupations. But when, with lover-like rapture, he discoursed to Jessie of his employment, she could not repress a sigh. She could not reconcile herself at once to the separation from her sister, she could not think of any other spot but that bower-like chamber as her home.

Few and simple were Jessie's bridal preparations. But, evening after evening, when Jeannie's daily tasks were completed—when the hour came for the companionship of books in her solitude, she would forego their refreshment to ply her needle. That pure white muslin robe on which she wrought so diligently, was to be her sister's bridal garment.

When the curtain had fallen for the last time, and the weary players sought their homes, Jessie constantly found her sister thus tenderly employed, and would pray her to put by her work.

"Not yet, dear, I am not tired. But do you go to sleep, or those roses in your cheeks will fade, and that would grieve Herman."

Soon Jessie was softly slumbering under the white curtains.

The orange blossoms grew beneath Jeannie's fingers, sometimes until earth's own dewy offspring were expanding at Aurora's kiss. And Jeannie, as she worked, breathed a blessing with every bud, and fondly fancied that it might be interwoven with the threads.

Now and then she gazed at the lovely slumberer, and whispered, "who could help loving her? better thus—better thus!"

At these moments many a gust of bygone memories thrilled her frame. No mortal eyes were upon her, and she might weep her full heart lighter. But when Herman or Jessie was near, her forced calmness was never ruffled. No chance-dropped words ever betrayed the throes of her perturbed spirit. Even to the end, she succeeded in guarding Herman from the life-long pang which a knowledge—a suspicion of her anguish, would have inflicted. If there can be holy artifice, it was that which caused him to think that she had mistaken her own heart—that she had never really surrendered it to his false guardianship.

Dorothy had entreated Jessie to allow her to officiate as bridesmaid. Jessie, who felt that no one could fill the place her sister was unable to occupy, reluctantly consented.

Then Sylvester diffidently solicited the honor of being groomsman. His sister had hinted to him that this mark of generosity on his part would please Jeannie.

Herman could not refuse.

The morning of the bridal arrived. The theatre had closed on the night previous for a week, as there was a grand spectacle in preparation.

Herman had thus the opportunity of bearing away his bride to some rural seclusion. He had chosen Hampstead.

The marriage ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock.

It was early morning. Jeannie and Jessie had risen, had knelt side by side, had each silently offered up a prayer, but the prayers of the sisters were, oh! how different!

Jessie, after assisting her sister as usual to make her toilet, hurriedly commenced her own. How brightly she smiled as she held up the soft, white, bridal robe! How admiringly she gazed upon the delicate embroidery! How little she dreamed of the tears with which those flowers had been watered! Of the blessings (their heavenly sunshine) under which they had grown!

And now Jessie kneels by her sister's side, and

Jeannie's loving fingers fasten white blossoms in the young bride's darkly shining locks. Those flowers were gathered from the tiny hanging-garden beneath the window. Jessie would wear no others.

Suddenly Mrs. Budd bursts into the room, followed by Dorothy.

"Not ready yet! Not ready! Make haste—no time to lose; not a moment to spare. How beautiful you do look, to be sure!"

"I think so myself, Jess," chimed in Dorothy. "Poor Syl—" but she checked herself, and added, "might be worse, might be worse. I dare say something will happen that will please me as well."

Jeannie could not accompany her sister to the church; her lameness, which of late seemed to have increased, forbade.

The needlewomen of the wardrobe now prayed to be admitted, and every one had a kind word for Jessie. Many of them presented her with humble tokens of affection.

Though the theatre was closed, this was no holiday for them. There was wardrobe-work always to be done. Their task-master, Mr. Brown, had grumbled at their desire to accompany Jessie to church. When they promised to sew for a

couple of hours extra that night, he sulkily consented, adding that he should go with them to the wedding, just to see that they returned home and got to work without delay.

"Is not that Mr. Landor's step?" asked Liza.

At the words Jessie flung herself into Jeannie's arms and clung to her tightly. They were to part—she felt it now—she could never believe it before! Life was to become wholly new to her! Strange sensations, never experienced until that moment, came sweeping over her spirit, until they wholly overpowered her.

Herman entered. The bridegroom spoke in his looks, his steps, his mien, his voice.

Jessie's face was hidden in her sister's bosom. As he approached and tenderly sought to disengage her from that true resting-place, Jeannie's eyes met his! Involuntarily, in spite of all her strong self-control, she gave him one agonized look, and a sharp cry, which startled every one, broke from her pale lips.

Jessie lifted up her head, affrighted.

"What is it, sister?"

"What is the matter, Jeannie? What is the matter?" asked many voices.

"Nothing!" she murmured faintly. Her eyes closed as though she were about to swoon. But

no—they were only shutting out what they could not—dared not look upon.

Jessie's anxious queries and caresses forced her to make one more mighty effort.

"Our Lord bless you, my sister, and him too! Now go—go!"

She did not again lift her eyes to Herman's face. He took Jessie's hand and paused as though about to utter a few words to Jeannie.

She repeated again, and in a tone so supplicating that no one could disobey. "Go!—go all—go at once!"

Sylvester had entered with Herman. He set the example by giving his arm to his sister, and leaving the chamber, to show his prompt compliance with Jeannie's request. Mrs. Budd, for once tongue-tied, passed out in silence. The others followed.

Last of all, Herman led Jessie away.

But her head was turned towards—her eyes fixed upon, her sister.

Just as they crossed the door-sill the bulfinch burst forth in one of his most joyous songs. Jessie smiled her thanks for the unexpected epithalamium. The song drowned the faint groan which escaped Jeannie's lips, and it did not reach Jessie's happy ear.

As Herman's arm fondly encircled her waist, and his loving words sank deep into her heart, she only felt, in the fulness, the completeness of her joy, that

"God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

But Jeannie—alas! for her. The last golden gleam of her one day-dream of love had faded out of life's horizon forever.

They were all gone. Their retreating steps no longer reached her ears. The only sound that broke the silence was the loud warbling of the bird.

She lay with closed eyes, yet she still beheld that bridal pair. She saw that young bride who was so thoroughly one with herself that to yield her to another caused a pang as full of anguish as that which severs soul and body,—she saw that young bridegroom whom she had loved with all the strength, the tenderness of her newly awakened heart,—saw him plight a lasting troth, and then her bosom heaved convulsively, the great sobs gushed forth, until the startled bird suddenly ceased his song. Blessed—blessed relief of tears! not utterly wretched are they who can weep.

"Strengthen me, oh! my God! Teach me

erfect self-renunciation! Teach me to give up ll, not in outward act only, but in spirit! Let im be wholly hers as she is wholly his—wholly, wholly!"

The dove of peace descended as this prayer ose to the gates of Heaven. A heavenly calm pread itself over her almost glorified counteıance. An expression of dependent love, of unalloyed resignation, of ineffable serenity, beamed n her upraised eyes. The victory was won! She had triumphed over the last rebellious uprising of her nature!

When the nuptial party returned, she greeted, not the bride only, but her bridegroom,—greeted them almost gaily. She offered her cheek to Herman as to a brother.

He pressed it with glowing lips and exclaimed, "Doubly—doubly my sister, how much I owe you!"

"Yes," she answered smiling, "I have given you all I have; my dearer self for wife, myself for sister. Shall we not be very happy in the husband and brother we gain?"

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPTATION.

With Herman and Jessie, time fled on pinions, rainbow-tinted, during that bridal week,—but dropped his sands slowly, evenly, in Jeannie's quiet chamber. Yet, day after day, those sands seemed to grow brighter as they fell and the shadow that rested on her spirit hourly became lighter. The heart-rending struggle was quite over. Tempting spirits, that had tortured with their vaguely whispered hopes, were all silenced now. The cross was heavy, but the uplifting, not the bearing, caused her agony. With resolute hands she had placed it on her shoulder; once there, its burden was endurable.

The mirthful Dorothy and her lachrymose brother, noisy Mrs. Budd, and busy Mr. Brown, paid the recluse frequent visits;—to prevent her being lonely, they said. But solitude, to her, brought no loneliness. She found companionship in the images of beauty, the storied presentments, that surrounded her; in books that talked

to her, and peopled her chamber with ideal creations,—in her pleasant, placid thoughts.

The meeting of the twin sisters, at the expiration of the week, was full of rapture. Jeannie and Herman greeted each other with the affectionate frankness of brother and sister. Jessie's countenance was radiant with perfected joy. All her day-dreams of thorough congeniality of heart, and mind, and tastes, were fulfilled. She had nothing left to ask of Heaven.

Hour after hour she sat by her sister's side and her fresh, innocent transport flowed forth in words. She told her of the exhilarating rides on Hampstead heath—of the long, delightful rambles—of the hours that glided away as they reclined beneath the trees, while Herman read to her and she listened, entranced. And who ever read so eloquently as Herman?

"I almost forgot I had ever breathed the close, gasodorous atmosphere of a theatre, in my life! How dim and dreary, and full of hollowness and vanity everything looked when I returned!—everything but this sweet chamber,—that always appears to be a sanctuary."

With the reopening of the theatre, Herman and Jessie resumed their professional duties.

A few months passed on and Herman's lover-

like devotion had scarcely abated, and Jess
full chalice was still brimming over in sparkli
bubbling sweetness.

Herman's resources at the banker's were n
exhausted; he and Jessie were wholly depend
upon their small salary. His means had ne
before been restricted. Economy had seer
easy in theory—but its practice subjected him
continual irritation and mortification. In
thoughtlessness he constantly plunged into ne
lessly lavish expenditures, while Jessie silei
stinted herself even of necessaries. His gener
nature, and the liberality to which he had b
accustomed, rendered him peculiarly sensitive
any chance allusion to their poverty. Thus Je
could not press upon him the need of retrenchm

Herman still enacted the rôles of second w
ing gentlemen, characters, as Washington Ir
styles them, "above the fear of a hiss, below
hope of applause." These could not satisfy
histrionic ambition—could not supply the exc
ment for which his restless spirit consta
craved. Now that Jessie was his, he lacked
stirring alternations of hope and fear—the sti
lus of uncertainty—the inspiring ardor of pur
His superabundant energies once more strug
wildly to find some satisfying vent.

Slowly, unwillingly, Jessie marked a change which she could not comprehend. She no longer shared all his thoughts; there was no longer perfect community of feeling between them;—that certainty forced itself upon her startled consciousness.

He often absented himself the instant rehearsal was over; he had an engagement, he said, but without explaining its nature. Jessie was too timid, and too confiding, to question him. At night, when the play was over, Herman and Jessie usually passed a few minutes with Jeannie, and returned to their lodgings. Then Herman would make some hurried or laughing excuse,—kiss her hastily, tell her to "go to bed like a good girl," and, adding that he would be back soon, precipitately leave her.

Jessie pondered, wondered over these mysterious engagements; but she trusted him wholly. She persuaded herself that he had good and wise reasons for not communicating them to her. She never arraigned him before the tribunal of her own judgment, and there convicted him of unkindness. She struggled resolutely against a sense of desolation. She had never before felt alone. Often she sat musing, arguing with herself, counting the strokes which rang from the

neighboring steeples, until she heard Herman's returning step, it might be at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning. As she sprang to meet him, his absence was forgotten in the joy of his return.

It was on one of these occasions that a reproach, for the first time, fell from Herman's lips. Why had she not retired? Why did she sit there watching at what hour he returned, to rebuke him for his absence?

"Rebuke you, Herman?" exclaimed Jessie in surprise.

"Yes, your sitting up rebukes me," he answered with asperity.

His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glittered, his hand was tremulous. But these were signs that Jessie had not learned to interpret.

From that night she always retired when Herman left her. When he gazed upon her countenance, on his return, he found her eyes closed and believed that the seal of unconsciousness was upon them. Like Desdemona, she was "a child to chiding," and shrank from unmerited blame. Poor trembler, it was her first deception.

The roseate hues that hitherto insphered her life, seemed slowly, incomprehensibly melting away.

One disappointment, one trial, far exceeded all others. Religion was the first, the strongest impulse of her nature. She could more easily have existed without light and heat than without daily recognition of the blessings, the mercies of her Lord.

During the sunshiny days of courtship, the happy months of early marriage, Herman appeared fully to share in these devotional aspirations. Then the subject gradually occupied fewer and fewer of his thoughts. His passionate love for Jessie had awakened, or *included*, love for all things holy. As that love calmed in its ardor, the love of heavenly things grew cold. Not that he was ever skeptical; not that he doubted the existence, the goodness of a Creator, a Saviour. But man's duty to his God, his accountability for every moment of his existence, ceased to be matters of constant reflection, of daily, hourly importance, as they were to the sisters.

To what bosom but Jeannie's could Jessie fly for refuge? To whom but Jeannie could she confide her grief, her fears?

Jeannie strove to reassure her. "The good seed takes time to grow; it cannot bring forth fruit at once. Let us believe that it is planted in his mind with the divine truths he has learned,

and that there will be fruition at some future day."

"But should it be as the good seed described in the Word, which springs up at once, and having no root endureth but for a season!" answered Jessie in a tone of anguish.

"I cannot think that," replied Jeannie. "His very love for you will protect and make it bear hereafter."

"His love for me! Ah, Jeannie, I cannot forget my day-dreams; how thoroughly united I believed our hearts to be; how responsive all our thoughts; how Heaven-centred our hopes! How perfect I thought our *oneness* of spirit!"

"My sister, it was well, it was right that you should have thought so before you united yourself to him or to any man. But that perfect spiritual union of which you are thinking can only exist where both parties are regenerate; and it must be progressive, even as regeneration is progressive. Our Lord regenerates no two beings in the same way; not even us—who are twin sisters. My trials are different from your—yours from mine, because we need different sorrows as means of purification."

"But should the day—the dreadful day, ever come when I shall feel that our hearts are di-

ded—that our union is not for here and here-
ter—that——"

Jeannie interrupted her with great tenderness, Heaven leads us to such beings upon earth as e can most benefit, or, to such as can most enefit us. Where there is deep attachment, ternal dissimilitudes do not appear before mar-age. Love may be intense, and yet not spirit-al. But it is only a selfish spirit that is im-ersed in sorrowful yearnings for congeniality, nd neglects the holy offices it may perform for he one to whom it is united. In many cases, if wo thoroughly congenial beings were conjoined n this world, they would confirm each other in vils; or, dormant evil, lying deep in the soul, ight not be excited, and thus made known and ombated. Bear in mind, dear sister, that life but a preparatory school in which we are fit-ng for a higher; and learn its lessons meekly."

"I will—I will," answered Jessie with emotion. Our Lord knows in what manner his children n best be brought nearer to him, and gathered to his fold."

"Let us not talk of it any more to-day, sister," ded Jeannie. "Perhaps we had better not talk it too often at all. It is a subject upon which is difficult for us to have clear light. Let us

go on and do our duty patiently, and trust the rest to Heaven."

That very night Jessie had a new and fearful trial to undergo. It was late before Herman came to take her to the theatre. They both appeared in the first scene of the drama to be enacted. It was almost impossible, rapidly as she moved, to complete her toilette before the curtain rose.

She parted with Herman at the door of her dressing-room, and did not see him again until they met on the stage. She entered upon the scene a few moments before him. What was her consternation when she beheld him approach in a costume disordered and incomplete! He wore no cap, though the scene was in the street; his cavalier cloak, his sash and sword, had been forgotten. The last omission was of moment, as the sword was needed in a combat to be fought before he left the stage.

Fortunately Jessie made her exit before the encounter commenced. She flew to his dressing-room, found the sword, returned with it to the nearest wing, and stood trying to attract Herman's attention.

He caught her signal only at the moment when his "trusty blade" was needed, snatched

veapon hastily from her hand, and without aintest token of thanks, returned to his posi- on the stage.

ssie's breast heaved with suppressed emo-

She was turning away—but Hawkwood l at her elbow. His cat-like eyes peered into 'ace with malicious triumph.

Our noble consort is doing himself credit ght,—is he not? Reflecting new honor upon adopted profession. Not very grateful, I t say, for your wifely attentions. Rather k in the memory too! I suppose you know meaning of that?" he added significantly.

Of what?" she questioned in an absent ıner.

Of that forgetfulness—that unfinished cos- e—that uncertain step. Look! look at it!" he pointed to Herman as he crossed the stage ı a gait very different from his usual firm manly tread.

What do you mean?" asked Jessie hurriedly.

Mean? Only that he is making daily friends ı the bottle fiend!" cried Hawkwood with a ɛr laugh.

'or the first time the truth, or rather a portion he fatal truth, flashed with withering vivid- ı on Jessie's mind. She was blinded and

stunned for a moment. If she had not grasped the arm of Hawkwood, she must have fallen.

"Poor thing!" he said in a tone that was meant for one of pity; "You have made your bed and must lie upon it, as the saying is."

"Don't! don't speak to me!" gasped Jessie feebly, and making an effort to support herself without his assistance. "If it be true—but no—it cannot be!"

At that moment Herman passed from the stage at an exit just below where they stood. Jessie ran to him and took his arm. As her loving, anxious eyes scanned his face, he seemed half inclined to shake her off; but no—he could not do that! He only assumed an air of unmeaning hilarity and said, "What's the matter, little wife! Have you lost something that you expect to find in my face?"

"What is the matter with you, Herman, dear?" she asked with serious tenderness.

It was an ill-advised question; it irritated Herman, who was not perfect master of himself. He broke forth in a confused torrent of reproaches; charging her with suspicions—with watching him—with want of trust—want of proper respect and affection.

Jessie clung to his arm, trembling violently; she

ould only shake her head, but neither expostu-ated with him nor defended herself. Instinct aught her that, at this crisis, words would be useless.

The next moment both were summoned to the tage.

Wherever Jessie moved, whatever by-play the usiness of the scene required, her eyes could not urn from her husband, but his eyes never once met hers.

That night she spent but a minute at her sis-er's side. Though Herman did not accompany her to Jeannie's chamber, she never thought of onfiding, even to that sister, the new sorrow with which she had been visited. Her husband's hort-comings were sacred. It was not for a wife to make them known to any human being.

In silence Herman conducted her to their lodg-ngs—then left her.

He did not return until the first morning treaks were glowing in the sky. Jessie seemed o be slumbering—she did not dare to greet im—to utter a word—to stir, until his heavy reathing attested that he had sunk into profound repose.

The next morning brought its ten o'clock rehearsal, as usual. Herman looked pale and

haggard. His eyes rolled wildly—his lips c stantly moved, now inaudibly, now mutte numbers could be heard. Even as he stood the stage, rehearsing, his abstraction was ap ent to every one. His hands seemed to h something in fancy which he was shuffling. fingers moved nervously.

With vulture-like ferocity Mr. Hawkw hovered around Jessie, ready to make a sud stoop, and plunge his cruel beak into her he The frightened dove beheld him, but flutte vainly to escape. The first moment that stands alone, he is at her side, and his harsh vc jarring every chord of her spirit.

"Have you solved the rest of the riddle? you know the meaning of *that?*" he questio savagely.

"Pray don't talk to me!—I am busy—I trying to study my part;" and Jessie opened book in her hand and looked intently on page.

"You have been studying a more difficult p all the morning; are you quite *up* in it? Do y find the *Gambler's* wife easy?"

"Gambler! oh! Heaven!"

"Oh! you didn't know it before—eh? Did know that the gaming table, and its con

quences, had stolen from you your husband, and that he is going fast to ruin!"

"Not ruin—not——"

"Ask him then, I've been watching him for some time. I predicted that young man's fate, and I usually see my predictions verified. Though, of course, it's very repugnant to my feelings. One night he wins largely—the next he loses more largely; thus the excitement is always kept up. But the end—oh! that's the rub—the end!"

"What are you doing, you old brute, making this poor, young creature wretched with your wicked tales?" broke in the shrill voice of Dorothy.

Jessie turned to her for refuge.

"Did you hear him, Dolly? It is not true, is it?" and she looked as though existence hung on the answer.

"Let her deny it if she can! She's no fool! She knows what everybody else knows," said Hawkwood.

"I dare say he plays a little—most men do; that's nothing!" retorted Dorothy, apologetically. "It might be a great deal worse—I don't believe he ventures everything. And he don't ill treat you. He's a kind husband. You see it might

be much—much worse. He loves you, I'm sure."

"Oh! Dolly! Dolly!"

"There, dear lamb, don't take on about it!—I wish that abominable Hawkwood had his tongue slit. That's your call. Go on and play your best. Don't let these little troubles interfere with business—that would be to make matters worse, indeed."

The revelation of that night did not alienate Jessie from her husband. She became gentler, more affectionate to him than ever. She knew that our own states affect those around us and that a loving heart will draw down heavenly influences into the most adverse circumstances. When Herman, in his moments of excitement, spoke roughly to her, she remembered that "kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in others."* She forbore to reproach him even in thought. She whispered to herself those comforting lines:—

"The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand,
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings."

* W. S. Landor.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

Soon after the incidents related in the preceding chapter, the precious promise of maternity compelled Jessie to retire from the stage.

A portion of every day, and all her evenings, were now passed in Jeannie's little chamber. This constant, intimate communion of the sisters unclasped that one link of the holy chain which Jessie's marriage threatened to sever.

Herman alternated between states of induced exhilaration, and fits of depression and contrition, only betrayed in overflowings of tenderness to his wife. Her influence affected him unconsciously. Patience, with its silent, hidden workings, is all-powerful in its sway. No truly manly nature was ever yet impervious to woman's forbearing, smiling patience. It is the invisible sceptre which she never wields in vain.

Thus months passed on.

It is morning in the tiny, picturesque apartment at the top of the theatre. Jeannie has fed

her bulfinch, and watered and trimmed h
flowers, for, with the support of her crutches, s
manages to perform these pleasant duties, u
aided. She has lain down again and taken u
her work. She is growing anxious, for the ho
of Jessie's daily visit has passed.

There is a hurried knock at the door. Befo
she can answer, Herman rushes in. His lips a
colorless, his countenance livid from agitation.

"Jeannie, you must come—come to h
quickly! She will die—my poor Jessie—she wi
die!"

Jeannie only replied by her terrified look
she sprang up and seized a shawl which l
near.

"I have a cab at the door—I will carry you i
my arms."

She assented. He lifted her light form wit
as little effort as though she had been a child, an
bore her rapidly through the wardrobe.

Jeannie's presence of mind did not totally fo
sake her. "Send Mrs. Budd to us, Liza,—m
sister is very ill," she said, without desiring He
man to pause.

They drove rapidly to Jessie's lodgings. He
man's emotion was too intense for language
He had exchanged but few words with Jeanni

en he carried her into the chamber and placed r on one side of the bed where lay her sister. Jessie, whose face was convulsed by throes of ony, looked the gratitude she could not utter. For two days her spirit hovered on the borders eternity.

Jeannie never left her side—never slept, hardly locked for an instant the hand that tightly asped hers.

Neither the entreaties of Mrs. Budd, who id obeyed Jeannie's summons, nor the comands of the physician, could force Herman from e chamber. He hung over his wife with frantic evotion, reproached himself as unworthy of the easure that was now to be snatched away from m, and every instant thought to see the thread of e, drawn to its utmost tension, wholly broken.

Suddenly the low moans which tortured the ars of the watchers, were changed to a great cry mingled agony and joy. It was followed by faint wail. The piercing, yet half-jubilant cry, oke from the young mother's lips—the wail sued, with its first breath, from the tiny mouth f her infant daughter.

What language can paint the ecstacy of the ather—the joyful, but voiceless thanksgiving of e young mother, and her twin sister! What

pen—aye, what brush could transfer to paper or canvass, the ineffable beauty of Jessie's countenance, illumined by the first glorifying ray of maternity? The angelic light that threw an almost visible halo around her brow, such as Raphael might have striven in vain to catch, when the infant was laid in her arms, and she looked up from its soft face into Herman's!

When Jeannie, in her rapt felicity, felt that celestial beings filled the chamber, and gathered around the new-born soul they were commissioned to guard, was she merely a dreamer—a senseless visionary?

The curtains are drawn, and there is darkness and silence in the room, for the exhausted mother, "faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness," sleeps with the infant on her bosom.

Jeannie still lies beside her sister, with closed eyes, but waking thoughts. Herman has been banished from the apartment. Mrs. Budd is comfortably curled in her arm chair, and, if certain discordant signals may be trusted, she too is slumbering after her protracted vigil.

When Jessie awoke, fever, attended with delirium, became apparent. She saw myriads of cherub heads floating about her bed, and each countenance resembled that of the babe in her

arms. She could not shut out the infantile band. Ever and anon she sank to rest, but the instant her eyes unclosed she beheld it again.

Another night and another day and the fever had subsided. Her state had changed to one of calm consciousness. All her symptoms now argued a steady, though not very rapid, recovery.

Few men are attracted towards very young infants. The masculine imagination is seldom fine enough to picture, while gazing on the small unexpanded bud, the brilliant tints, the graceful unfolding of the flower. But Herman was an exception to this rule. To him the very helplessness of infancy pleaded for love and subdued his heart. He was drawn, as by a spell, to his child's cradle, and while he lingered there, all the finest, purest emotions of father and husband were quickened within him.

Jeannie did not return to her own home for six weeks. By that time Jessie was able to visit her.

The gates of a new paradise had been thrown open to the young mother. The simplest, commonest wild flowers that grew there filled her with delight. The touch of her infant's little hand communicated a thrill of joy—its first smile made her heart leap and swell—its baby-crowing

seemed to her a sort of miraculous music, and when its tiny fingers were outstretched to catch a sunbeam that played around its pillow, she thought that baby hand had indeed seized and brought down from on high a beam to irradiate her life.

That little hand too had touched the rock in Herman's bosom, and the pent-up waters gushed freely forth. He now found relief in pouring out his contrition—in portraying to Jessie his temptations—his errors; and in assuring her that the dread of forfeiting her esteem had alone induced concealment.

Herman had a new incentive for exertion, and he could now devote himself to his profession with an unburdened bosom. He had abandoned the gaming table. He had internally vowed that he would regain his own self-respect by resisting its allurements. Man may fall, but demons only do not rise again.

Herman, in the gladness of his heart, had written to his father, announcing the birth of the little Mildred—so called after his mother. No answer was returned. Herman should have known the consistency and firmness of his father's character too well to have expected one.

Jessie's health continued very delicate, but

before her child was three months old, she felt herself compelled to return to her professional duties. Herman remonstrated at first; but they were already in debt. Herman's salary could not supply even the pressing wants of his little family, though all the product of Jeannie's labor was secretly transferred to her sister. He was forced to consent to Jessie's exertions.

They could not afford an attendant for the child. During rehearsal the little one lay in Jeannie's chamber. At night, too, it was brought to the theatre, well wrapped up, and carried home in the young father's arms, when the play was over.

Herman was still galled by the sense of poverty. His sensitive nature was nightly wounded to the quick when he beheld Jessie overtaxing her strength to aid in obtaining the livelihood which he felt it was his duty to supply. Yet he resisted the entreaties of his former gay associates to "redeem his fortunes," as they called it, at the gaming table.

Mildred was now a year old.

This first year of her maternity threw no shadows on Jessie. The child was a new and adamantine link of union between her and her husband. To the heaven-sent little messenger

there seemed to have been appointed the earthly office of more closely intertwining those two spirits.

The ensuing year Herman began to develop very decided scenic talent. Its existence would never have been divined by those who beheld his first crude and bombastic impersonation of Hamlet. The captious audience rewarded him not with fluctuating approval, but with steady marks of favor. His ambition, and his yearning for stage triumphs, were rekindled. Applause was an exhilarating stimulus. The delight of embodying ideal heroes thrilled and captivated him anew. Unusually full pieces threw him into a range of characters where his dramatic powers had unwonted scope. Actors who held a higher position were seized with jealousy when he startled the audience into bursts of genuine enthusiasm.

From the moment that they regarded him in the light of a rival, his persecution was certain. He had now gained so firm a foothold on the boards that he would not have yielded an inch in fair and open combat. But against the foe in ambush, what weapons avail?

Private influence, exerted over the manager kept him out of parts which he had proved him

self capable of delineating. When new plays were placed upon the stage, the rôles that legitimately belonged to him were given to inferior artists; he was tormented in a thousand ways which those uninitiated in the mysteries of theatrical life cannot comprehend.

The old spirit of restlessness and discontent returned. This field was not wide enough—his limbs were chained—his faculties paralyzed—he could not breathe in this confined atmosphere—he must seek a freer, more extensive sphere of activity; the sense of incompletion, of stagnation was prostrating.

It was while these thoughts were agitating his mind that, in an evil hour, he met some of his former reckless associates. They once more essayed, and, with some difficulty, induced him to accompany them. He protested that he would only watch the game, he would not play himself; but before long he had become so deeply interested that he forgot every thing, and yielding to an irresistible, almost maddening impulse, had broken his resolution!

He won largely, and was highly elated with his success. He returned home in rollicking spirits, inwardly vowing that he would make the best of his good luck, but never touch a card again.

Jessie's quick, wifely eyes saw something unusual in his manner, but she stifled down the rising suspicion.

The next day he made a number of purchases for his wife and child which, though needful enough, were too extravagant for their means. Jessie gently warned him that they had not Fortunatus's purse in their possession.

He answered hilariously, "It's all right, dearest. You see I'm not running in debt; I have paid for them."

"Have you heard from your father, then?" exclaimed Jessie hopefully.

"No—don't ask saucy questions, little woman."

A shadow passed over Jessie's lucid countenance. "Ah! Herman—" she said imploringly.

"There—there, go to the child, she wants you; and don't trouble yourself about my affairs."

"*Your* affairs! Are not our affairs the same?" rose to Jessie's lips, but she did not speak the words.

The fever and its unslaked thirst again possessed him. He grew impatient, untranquil, neglectful of study. To his wife and child he was, if possible, more affectionate than ever. Yet he spent fewer hours in their society; and

en while they were by his side, his thoughts re wandering elsewhere.

He could hardly have told how it occurred, but found himself again before the fatal table.

He went to look on, as before, and, as before, played—as before, he won and again left the ble with the suddenly acquired gold swelling s purse and making his heart big.

Intoxicated with success, he could not now thstand the temptation. Every day brought exciting risks. Sometimes he won, sometimes lost heavily.

One night Herman returned to his home, almost in despair. He had met with startling sses in the morning; in the evening he had en forced to enact a part which he detested, d which did not belong to the line of business r which he was engaged; he had seen the character which he should have filled winning applause for another; he had offended the audience r his careless performance; had been reproved r the manager; had answered haughtily, and cused him of partiality and injustice! Jessie itnessed his mortification, and strove in womanly ways to extract its sting. Her sympathy as so sweet to him that once more he wholly ened his heart. He avowed that he had been

tempted again, that he had again fallen int error.

"I knew it, Herman," said Jessie mildly.

"Knew it?" he answered with a fierce intons tion. "Who told you? Was it that venomou back-biting Hawkwood?"

"No one. Your manner, your actions told m But I thought it well not to speak. I hoped, felt sure that this would not last—that you woul see the—the—" Jessie hesitated.

"Speak the word out boldly, I deserve it. am a brute—speak it out; let me hear it fro your lips."

"It is enough that you confide in me no That is all I ask. You know how I trust yo Herman—nothing can shake that trust."

"Oh! Jessie, if I were worthy of you!" crie Herman.

What said Jessie's eyes as she laid her hea fondly on his shoulder?

She resumed the conversation by saying, "Yo told me just now that you had some plan to pr pose. What is it? Let me hear it now."

"You will be startled, Jessie; but the thoug has been running in my head for a long tim The temptations here, I confess it, are so gre that I cannot always be certain of resistin

m. Then I have not a fair chance of rising in profession and of earning a salary by which ay comfortably support you and the little one. ust go elsewhere."

I will go any where with you," replied Jessie mly. Then she thought of Jeannie, and re was a choking sensation in her throat.

We hear glowing accounts of the success of glish actors in America—of the large sums y earn—of the position they hold—I must go America!"

'America!" exclaimed Jessie aghast.

'There, I feared I should startle you! It is far away—so far from your sister and the ld. We could not well take Mildred with She would be an encumbrance on such a rney. We should be obliged to leave her th Jeannie."

For a few moments Jessie was incapable of lying. These blows fell so thick and fast! rt with her beloved sister—part with her idold child—bid adieu to her native land—to all old associations! Would these sacrifices, leed, be required of her? But Herman's wele stood foremost in the mind-drawn picture d overshadowed all the rest. If she could save n from evil companions—restore to him peace

of mind, the universe weighed as nothing in the opposite scale!

She turned to him, her small hand clasped his with a strong pressure—her lovely, uplifted face was beaming with hope and devotion as she replied, "I will go with you, Herman, any where—the whole world over! I will leave Jeannie, leave our child, leave everything, to go with you!"

CHAPTER X.

OCEAN PERILS.

How keenly Jeannie suffered when the new roject was communicated to her, not even her win sister divined,—no word expressed dissent, io look betrayed her anguish at the proposed ieparation. With characteristic self-forgetfulness, she strengthened her sister's resolution to accompany her husband—though it rendered Jeannie's own life more desolate than ever.

The child was to remain with her—there was some comfort in that—a solace alas! stolen from Jessie's scanty store.

Little Mildred throve wonderfully. Healthy, strong, eager, vivacious, never for a moment quiet when she was awake—she evidently inherited ier father's mercurial, excitable temperament.

Her fits of turbulent joyousness, her bursts of empestuous love were succeeded by contrarious noods when she perversely refused to return the aresses even of her parents. Already it was pparent that she was self-willed, and violent, and ie thwarting of her baby volitions caused the

outbreak of sudden gusts of passion. Yet her very waywardness threw around her an inexplicable fascination as though some attracting, endearing element had been infused even into her imperfections.

The same strange contradiction, that gave singularity to her character, manifested itself in her personal appearance.

Her hair was almost golden, yet her mother's dark eyes, finely drawn, black eyebrows, and sweeping lashes were repeated in her face;—a singular combination which resulted in striking and uncommon loveliness.

That she was the privileged pet and plaything of the theatre may well be imagined. Even Mr. Hawkwood, one day, involuntarily chucked the child beneath the chin until it laughed aloud, revealing those bewitching dimples that its mother carried on either cheek. Perhaps that infantine merriment stirred the gall with which his heart overflowed, for he said in accents of mock pity, "That's right, little monkey, laugh now, for there are plenty of tears in store for you, by and bye!"

Poor Jessie strained the child to her breast and hurried away, as though she would fly with it out of the reach of that cruel prophecy.

Herman's preparations were rapidly made. The sale of the luxurious household furniture, with which he had surrounded his bride, now produced the expenses of the voyage. A very moderate sum would remain on their arrival in America. But, in that land of abundance, Herman was confident of reaping a golden harvest with the sickle of his talent.

They took passage in a steamer that left Liverpool on the first of March. Jessie suggested the more economical transportation of a sailing vessel, but Herman rebelled. He had made little progress in the difficult science of economy.

The parting of the sisters tested the heroism of both.

Jeannie, though shaken to the centre of her being, bade adieu with pale composure and powerful self-control that held her very pulses to their usual temperate beating.

Jessie wept profusely—convulsively—as she embraced her sister and her child.

Herman was in that state of joyous elation which change of scene—new hopes—a fresh project, always produced. But when he kissed Jeannie, and pressed little Mildred to his heart,—when she clung to him, affrighted by her mother's emotion—a few misgivings began to battle with

his bright visions. He placed the child in Je nie's arms—bade an inarticulate adieu to friends that crowded around Jessie, and hur her away.

They reached Liverpool that night, and next morning embarked for Boston.

The sea was a new, a strange and beaut revelation to the young travellers. The brac air had an invigorating, champagne-like ef on Herman, the unusual motion created distress.

In a few days even Jessie was pronounced excellent sailor.

As she paced the deck with Herman, and tened to his plans for the future, or sat beside l (his arm around her to guard against the sud heavings of the ship) and watched the phosph lights dancing like a shower of diamonds on waters, or the moon rising in sublime splen from its ocean bed and transmuting the wa into a silver mirror, Jessie was happy bey expression. Yes, happy in spite of her he yearnings for those whom she had left behi Herman's buoyancy and enthusiasm seemed e ascending to a higher and higher climax. W wonder that Jessie found them contagious?

The delicacy and refinement of Mrs. Land

appearance, the tender devotion of her husband, and her extreme beauty, combined to render her an object of interest to her fellow passengers. But her sensitive nature shrank from intercourse with strangers. Of the many who sought to approach her, one only succeeded in melting the barrier of her reserve.

Miss Pomeroy was born and educated in the Athens of the new land—Boston. Her enfranchisement from school was succeeded by a sojourn of two years in Europe. She was now returning home.

This young girl was an admirable type of the Massachusetts maiden; highly educated, self-reliant, unprejudiced, consulting the dictates of strong good sense and a warm heart, rather than the world's opinion. She was unawed by the *quen dira t'on* of society when she was intent upon performing a kind action,—we might almost add when she was bent on gratifying a whim.

She learned that the young actress was making her way to a land where she was a total stranger. She might, she *must* need friendly aid and counsel. She offered her own with a straightforward earnestness that, while it startled the timid Jessie, did not fail to captivate her. She received Miss Pomeroy's proffered services "not with vain

thanks, but with acceptance bounteous." This was Jessie's only acquaintance on ship-board.

For the first ten days the weather was unusually mild. Boisterous March had not threatened to exhibit his turbulent disposition. But this delusive calm was broken, without menace, by a sudden whirlwind. So at least it seemed to Jessie, who was sitting contentedly in her state-room.

The violent tossing of the vessel—the sound of rushing feet—the hoarse voice of the captain giving rapid orders—the swift pulling of ropes, the confusion and tumult above, caused her to start up and call upon Herman. There was no answer to the repeated cry. He was not within hearing.

It was still early morning. Jessie remembered that he had gone upon deck a short time before she rose.

In spite of the heavy pitching of the vessel, Jessie made her staggering way through the ladies' cabin to the dining saloon. She passed a group of panic-stricken supplicants sending up prayers, wrung from terror, not from love. Can such supplications ever reach the gates of Heaven? Suddenly the waves rushed down the companion-way. Then the clamorous shrieks of women and children rent the air.

ssie clung to the banister with a firm hold. ıgh the sea passed over her, she did not re- her grasp. To ascend to Herman was her thought. The water could not drive her . After several desperate efforts, she suc- ɔd in mounting.

'hat a scene burst on her eyes when she ıed the round-house, and held herself erect by ing to the door that opened on the deck! sky was black with flying clouds. The y flood, frothing in its fury, seemed to against the heavens, literally "pelting the ." On one side the sea rose in a huge ntain—on the other sank into a deep chasm threatened to engulf the groaning ship. ı the yawning abyss was filled—the ship tossed up towards the clouds—the moun- of a moment before, sank into a valley. strained vessel quivered and shook, as with ghty spasm. A sail was torn from its fast- gs and flapped like the wing of some gigantic sending forth an ominous sound that rose e the howling of the gale. The waves that tantly rushed over the deck carried overboard r article that their violence could loosen.

ɔssie stood awe-struck—spell-bound. Her ral fears were swallowed up in amazement

and admiration of the grandeur of this com
between the sea and sky. It was marvellous h
steadily she kept her position.

All at once she caught sight of Herman.

He had made a vain attempt to reach
cabin, and was now clinging to a rope pas
around a mast. His gaze was riveted on Je
before she beheld him. But to advance a s
without being washed overboard was impossi
And Jessie, as she clung to the door of the rou
house, could neither press forward nor retr
Though so near, they seemed miles and m
apart.

An expression of horror passes over Herm
countenance. What is it he sees? Jessie's e
follow the direction of his. A huge objec
floating towards them, bearing directly do
upon the steamship. A glittering, shining
that, in awful, menacing grandeur, glides ne
and nearer—it is an iceberg!

That sight has stricken terror into the bra
hearts.

Jessie heard the cry of the sailors and
captain's thundered order to the helmsman.
next moment there was a violent shock—a cra
Herman had loosened his hold—perhaps in
attempt to reach her;—he had disappeared.

mast, the very mast to which he had clung was napped in twain! The iceberg was sweeping riumphantly onward—huge fragments of the orn vessel following in its track.

Jessie's agonized gaze in vain sought Herman. He had surely been washed into the sea! The nstinct of self-preservation was lost in grief—she elaxed her hold—she felt herself whirled violently orward—she was conscious that the waves were eating over her,—a sound as of a thousand hariot wheels was in her ears—she knew no nore.

When her senses returned, the blue sky greeted ier opening eyes. She was lying on the deck. The storm had partially ceased. She heard the vorking of the pumps—the firing of guns that gave signal of a ship in distress; she remembered ll—and oh! what anguish unutterable seized ier with one vivid recollection! She made an effort to rise,—there was an arm around her—a breath on her cheek—a voice in her ears—it was Herman's!

The blood streamed from a deep gash in his brow. Its flow had probably recalled him to his enses. He awoke to find Jessie stretched upon he deck a few paces from him.

The vessel was tossed less frantically from side

to side, and Herman was enabled to rise and lift up Jessie in his arms. But the danger was imminent as ever; though the pumps were kept in motion without pause, the ship was rapidly filling and must soon sink.

Jessie could look calmly upon death—death at Herman's side—death in Herman's arms. The flight of her spirit to the land which was not afar off, which she so often regarded in thought, was not appalling even in the midst of the wide waters.

But Herman's sanguine temperament clung to hope—to life. He had been used to think of the shores beyond the grave as an "unknown bourne;" his soul shrank from the dark plunge. He was a brave man, and Jessie might have been accounted a coward, but she could contemplate, with steady eyes, the threatened change which he could not look upon.

The captain orders the life-boats to be manned; in them now lies the only hope.

The pale, fear-sick wretches upon the deck all press madly forward, dashing aside every obstacle and trampling upon each other;—brute force rules the hour—the strongest would leap first into the boats. But the gallant captain, sternly calm in this great peril that places a hundred lives in

s hand, guards the passage-way himself, ex-aiming, "I will shoot the first man that jumps to a boat without my order!"

The pistol is ready in his grasp to execute his reat. He has foreseen the danger and met it, epared to conquer.

"The women and children first, and four men ith them to take charge of that boat. Martin halmers, Tom Anson, Mackinstry, Stodart—: with you! Now the women."

His orders were obeyed with silent alacrity. he four men took their seats—the women were pidly placed in the boat.

Jesssie stood on the deck, clinging to Herman. ne of the sailors approached to lift her into the fe-boat, but she would not release her hold.

"With him! with my husband! Not without im!" she exclaimed.

In vain Herman entreated her to go—she ildly implored to remain with him.

"For God's sake, make haste!" cried out the urdy captain. "Not a man shall move until is woman is safe!"

"Jessie! Jessie! do you hear that order? very moment is precious!" pleaded Herman. Until you are in the boat, not another life will and a chance of being saved!"

"Oh! Herman—not without you! I c
will not go!"

"I will follow, love, if it be possible;
the ship is sinking, there are two mo
empty, and until you enter this, not one l
can be saved."

"Mrs. Landor! Mrs. Landor!" sup
Miss Pomeroy from the boat where she
taken her seat. "I implore you not t
You peril your husband's life as well
own. Pray come! here—here by my s
place for you. Oh! come."

The captain gave some inaudible orde
sailors who stood beside him. They seize
in their arms, tore her from Herman, wh
though with tenderness, assisted their effo
in a moment more the boat was lowe
consigned to the waves.

Well might Jessie's shriek of terr
through Herman! As the boat was born
and further away, he could see her uplift
extended towards him and catch the ex
of despair on her white face. Miss P
was supporting her—striving to comfor
holding her in the seat from which she
violent effort to rise.

The warm heart of the captain ha

ıched by the scene, though he would not ˈerve from his duty. Herman was the first an whom he ordered to descend into the second ıat. Jessie was still near enough to see him leap —near enough for that—yet oh! how distant! The three boats are filled—the ship is slowly bsiding beneath the waves.

The boats are driven about for some time ithin sight of each other. Herman and Jessie e leaning over the sides, gazing in mute agony. owards evening the boats separate. Slowly ey cease to be visible. Husband and wife are ırted—when to meet again? It may be not ıtil they are reunited on that eternal shore to hich the raging of this furious sea may drift ıem.

Soon after morning broke, a dark object was distinctly apparent to those in the boat where lerman was seated. It elicited a cry of horror om the passengers—could it be another floating eberg! It approached nearer and nearer—oh! ıe joyful relief of that sight! It was a steam- ıip!

Half an hour later the shivering occupants of ıe boat were gathered on the deck of the Pacific ɔund for New York. Three days afterwards ıey entered their destined port.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISSING BOAT.

HERMAN'S paroxysms of grief, when, misera
and solitary, he arrived in a strange land, ba
all description.

A week—a fortnight—slowly, torturingly ebl
away. Still, no tidings had been received of
two other boats that had left the sinking sl
The conviction gradually forced itself upon
mind that he should behold Jessie no more
earth—that the boat, into which she was pla
against her will, had been swallowed up by
angry sea!

All the days that he had passed in her sw
society rose in panoramic array before him. I
ter and hopeless was his remorse. He had
prized her to her full worth. The husband l
broken promises made by the lover; he l
fallen short in a hundred duties; he had b
heedless, neglectful, cruel, and there was
future in which he could make reparation.
must drag on his wretched existence with

ow of self-reproach always festering in his
l.

And Jeannie—how overwhelming would her
row be! He shrank from writing to her the
al tidings. His blood froze at the thought
t this blow must come through his hand—his
ıd which had already inflicted the first wound
ıt pierced her heart. But if he delayed longer,
ıuld she not learn her bereavement through
ne less tender medium? That must not be.
He forced himself to write, but with a hopeful-
ss which he could not feel. He summed up all
e probabilities that the boats might yet be
ard from. It was but a fortnight. What a
ntury that brief space seemed to him as he
ote those words!

The letter was dispatched. The next day he
ırched the papers as usual with eager avidity—
s first duty every morning. How his pulses
ıped and throbbed! The chamber was flooded
th light, and then swam around him! He
ıd that the passengers of one of the boats that
d left the unfortunate steamer—a boat filled
th women, had been rescued by a sailing vessel
ıich had just reached Boston in safety. Then
lowed the names of the saved. His eyes were
nost blinded as he strove to read them. With

suspended breath he glanced through the l
Again and again he read—many names
recognized, but Jessie's was not there! 1
there!

Had she been swept from the boat? Had
been left upon it by some strange mischan
Had she died through exposure and grief? V
could answer these questions? One thing c
was certain, her name was not on the list of
saved.

To whom could he turn? Miss Pomeroy—
was among the first mentioned. In a state l
dering upon insanity he started for Boston 1
night.

Soon after daybreak, the next morning, a h
gard, tottering man, who seemed to have becc
suddenly aged, whom few would have recogni
as the vivacious and handsome Herman Lan
was seen ascending the steps of a stately ho
in Mount Vernon street. His trembling ha
have pulled the bell several times before a sle
maid-servant opens the door.

"Miss Pomeroy—does she live here?"

"Deed and she does."

"Is she at home?"

"Yes—in course," replies the astonished l
lass, with a rebuke on her rosy visage at the

osition that her young mistress could be out at uch an unseemly hour.

"I wish to see her."

"Deed and you can't, for she's not out of her ed yet."

"It is a matter of the utmost importance. Will you not carry a message to her?"

"Sure, and you'd better call again just about he breakfast hour. I shouldn't like to be after listurbing her, for it's a sore journey she's had, nd she isn't too well. She'll breakfast at eight o'the clock."

Herman's entreaties were useless, the girl refused to carry note or message until Miss Pomeroy came down to breakfast.

He left the house, and paced up and down the street in a half-frenzied state, watching the windows of the houses around as they slowly unclosed, and from within came tokens of reawakening life.

It was not eight o'clock when he presented himself at the door again. He was refused admittance as before. The young lady had not come down to breakfast yet. He was expostulating with the servant in an impassioned, supplicating tone, when he caught sight of a flutter of white drapery, and an instant after the form

it enveloped descended the stair. Impetuously thrusting the servant aside, he rushed into the hall.

"Miss Pomeroy!" was all he could gasp out.

"Mr. Landor! Thank Heaven! it is you."

And she caught his hand warmly as though it had been that of an old friend. There was no sorrow on her countenance—no sympathy for his grief—she was radiant with smiles.

His white quivering lips could not frame a question. "Jessie! Jessie!" at length broke from them.

"Yes—yes—come in," said Miss Pomeroy leading the way to the parlor.

She was taking him there to prepare him for her sad history.

Herman, losing all self-control, sank into a chair, burying his head in his hands, and burst into tears. For a time he struggled in vain for utterance, and then sobbed out in accents of deepest anguish, "Oh! my God! my God! She is dead, then!"

"Dead? For Heaven's sake, Mr. Landor, what do you mean? Dead? No, no!"

Herman sprang up as though from an electrical shock.

"My wife! Is she alive? Her name was not on the list!"

"Yes, she is alive—she is here with me, and not very ill. By some accident her name was omitted on the list. I had a correction made in to-day's paper, for I knew that it would meet your eye. We had heard of the safety of your boat. Jessie has expected you every moment since we arrived."

The reaction was so powerful that Herman's very transport rendered him mute, and seemed to paralyze his faculties. When he could command his voice, he begged to be taken to Jessie at once.

Miss Pomeroy told him that Jessie's health had received a severe shock. The kind young hostess was too deeply interested in the invalid to allow her to run any risk. Mr. Landor must wait patiently until she had prepared her patient for the good news.

She left Herman; but before even his impatience could complain of the delay, returned. Tears of joy were sparkling upon her cheeks. "Come!" was the only word she spoke. With rapid steps she remounted the stair, and Herman followed. She opened the door of a chamber, and withdrew.

That meeting—who could describe it in guage that would not seem feeble to those have met after such a parting? To those have not, how could it ever be pictured?

CHAPTER XII.

STRUGGLES IN THE NEW WORLD.

For a few days Herman became the guest of ss Pomeroy's father.

The joy of again beholding her husband acted a powerful restorative upon the suffering sie. She was soon able to drive out in the riage which Miss Pomeroy pressed her to use, d even to accompany Herman in search of lgings.

Jessie had received the most lavish kind- ss from the warm-hearted New England girl, o did not fear to offer hospitality to her ow voyager, the sharer of her great peril, ugh she chanced to be an actress—a stranger, whose history she knew little or nothing. sie and Herman carried credentials, Heaven- cribed, on their faces. There were no floating ms of prejudice in Miss Pomeroy's atmos- ere that dimmed her eyes from reading these ght.

Mr. Pomeroy was a widower—a man of scholarly attainments and liberal views. He had ventured to give his daughter an almost masculine education, but had not committed the common error of drawing drafts upon her head which would impoverish her heart.

Our English travellers took it for granted that it was as easy to procure furnished lodgings in Boston as in London. Very severe was their disappointment when Miss Pomeroy explained to them that boarding-houses in the former took the place of suites of apartments in the great metropolis. The seclusion which Jessie loved, which her mimosa-like nature demanded, was impracticable.

Miss Pomeroy accompanied them to an establishment located very near the beautiful Boston Common. Herman was quite startled at the rate of charges. But he consoled himself with the reflection that these seemingly exorbitant demands were surely signs of the prosperity of the country. Large sums were so easily acquired that ordinary comforts commanded high prices!

Jeannie's almost prophetic thoughtfulness had prevented Herman from finding himself wholly without means, in spite of his shipwreck. She had begged him to convert into gold the little

ore of wealth that remained after the sale of s furniture, and to allow her to sew it into a elt which he could always wear. His entire ardrobe, and that of Jessie, had been lost in ıe wreck, but Jeannie's girdle was about his aist.

Jessie selected a very small and unpretending oom, somewhat loftily situated, and persuaded ferman, who inclined to the extravagance of a ıore comfortable arrangement, that this was just hat she desired.

Mrs. Lawson, who kept the establishment, ight have been inclined to sneer at her choice, nd treat the new comers with that disdain hich poverty too often excites, but she was re-ıained by Miss Pomeroy's presence and patron-ge.

The next morning, after bidding a grateful dieu to their hospitable host and hostess, they ook possession of their humble apartment.

To Herman the world now looked brighter ıan ever—especially this new world, towards hich his soul expanded, for he was a republican t heart. The spirit of energy and rapid progress, nd busy activity that characterized the land, har-ıonized with his untranquil, vehement nature. Ie felt that there was indeed

"No clime so bright and beautiful,
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair, and free,
As that of Washington." *

The State of Massachusetts was endowed with especial interest. This earth was consecrated by the first blood shed in the great revolutionary struggle for freedom. But our young and hopeful Englishman was inspired with the belief that no more of this fraternal blood would ever crimson and defile the ground. Henceforth the "only contest with the fatherland would be a generous emulation in the arts of peace." †

He was impatient to visit the localities hallowed by great historic events. Jessie was too feeble to accompany him on the excursions which he projected with so much ardor. A few steps would take them to the Common—that reminded her of their own parks at home, and she longed to wander with Herman beneath the noble old trees. They went, but, overcome by fatigue, she was quickly forced to return.

"I will sleep awhile," she said, as she sank wearily on her couch, "go you and see the city, and let me see it through your description; that will please me as well, and not tire me at all."

* G. P. Morris. † Edward Everett.

Herman, at first, refused to leave her, but Jessie, with womanly tact, divining that his thoughts would be roaming abroad, though he sat in bodily presence by her side, urged him to go, until he consented.

As he passed through the streets, every thing looked so bright and bustling, so orderly and prosperous, so free from all signs of poverty or distress, that Herman's pulses leaped higher and higher. The spirit of success floated on the very atmosphere—was inhaled with the exhilarating air he breathed.

On his return Jessie was amply compensated for her solitary hours by his outburst of enthusiasm.

Her thoughts were constantly wandering back to her child, and her twin sister, yet she forced herself to participate in his elation, that no mournful shadow might be reflected on him.

For some days he was eagerly engaged in exploring Boston and its picturesque environs.

American history, so little investigated by Englishmen in general, Herman had found one of his most fascinating studies. He now seemed to imagine that to visit the places rendered famous by heroic deeds was the object of their voyage. With glowing eloquence he pictured to Jessie his

emotions as the majestic granite shaft of Bunker Hill rose before his sight,—described to her the incidents of the tremendous conflict it commemorated—a defeat more glorious than a victory! He portrayed that valiant band of Americans from the perilous heights of Breed's Hill firing on their English oppressors, while Charlestown was in flames—the retreat of the patriots to Bunker Hill—their dauntless valor—the fall of that first great martyr of the noble cause—the youthful Warren. He repeated Gerry's prophetic warning, that as surely as Warren went to the hill he would be slain, and the young hero's inspired reply

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;"

and he told her how Warren rushed where the conflict was hottest, while glory sent the echo of his words in trumpet-notes to heaven, and crowned him as he fell.

And Herman, while he dwelt upon the glorious struggle of those champions who guarded the cradle of infant liberty, gave utterance to sentiments, at a later day more beautifully expressed by Everett, when his soul-stirring eloquence thrilled the crowd assembled to do honor to the New England patriot whose statue was reared

near Bunker Hill.* "The principles of free government for which they laid down their lives; the national independence which by united counsels and painful sacrifices they achieved on hard-fought fields; this great family of States which, with prophetic foresight, they bound together in a fraternal confederacy; this admirable adjustment of local and federal government;—the most exquisite contrivance of political wisdom which the world has seen—these shall be their enduring monument. No less eloquent in their praise shall be the material prosperity which resulted from their wise and patriotic measures."

Herman broke off from these reflections and laughed as he told her that, when man had failed to rear that stately shaft, it had been piled up by the delicate hands of women, adding that he had brought her to a land where they were the acknowledged sovereigns. What the strength of their brothers failed to accomplish, the mysterious potency of woman's weakness wrought by magic.

He was hardly less enthusiastic when he transported her by his narrative to that Elm-tree at Cambridge, beneath which Washington first

* Inauguration of Statue of Warren, June 17, 1857.

wheeled his horse and drew his sword as commander in chief of the armies.

Then he drew a vivid picture of the band of patriots who assembled beneath the spreading branches of the Charter-oak.

He discoursed to her of the peerless Washington, and beguiled the hours with stirring themes, as though he had no cares for the morrow to lure his thoughts from the contemplation of those momentous achievements which raised up, out of weakness and oppression, wrong and misery, the earth's most powerful nation.

But Jessie's heart, like Martha's of old, was "troubled about many things," and she at length startled her husband from his heroic musings by a suggestion that their humble store of worldly wealth would not long support a pair of dreamers—of idlers.

Their fellow lodgers hardly caught a glimpse of the new comers save at meals. During those brief repasts how often Jessie, surrounded by curious eyes, longed for the privacy of her own chamber! But she agreed with Herman that it was best to try and conform to the customs of the land in which they sojourned.

Herman never found it difficult to exchange one occupation for another. Constant mental

employment supplied life-giving nourishment to body and spirit. He would cordially have agreed with Hillard, that, "to have something to do, *and to do it*, is the best appointment for us all."

Jessie's gentle admonition brought the sight-seeing excursions to a sudden close. The next day, and the next, and the next, he devoted to interviews with managers. The season was so far advanced that situations in every stock company were filled.

The exuberant flow of Herman's spirits now began to ebb.

He had gone to make one more trial. Jessie was musing upon the beloved ones far away, when Miss Pomeroy's card was placed in her hand, accompanied by a request that she might be received in Jessie's apartment. The petition was joyfully granted.

In a few minutes Miss Pomeroy had drawn from Jessie the history of Herman's disappointment. Before the advice on her lips could find utterance, Herman himself entered.

Jessie's wistful eyes had read his face as he greeted her visitor.

"I fear you have been unsuccessful again, Herman!" she said in a sympathizing tone.

"Yes."

"Have you applied at the Museum?" asked Miss Pomeroy.

No—Herman had not done that. He was rather shocked at the suggestion. He had never contemplated the possibility of acting at a museum! That would be a degradation for which he was hardly prepared. Better travel with a strolling company at once and exhibit in barns.

Miss Pomeroy readily explained to him that "Museum" was only another name given to a theatre, by means of which a certain narrow prejudice was "whipped round the post" of conscience. That the same plays were represented in one as in the other—the same actors were the personators. The audiences of the Museum were high-toned and appreciative. They were chiefly composed of the religious portion of the community who eschew theatres. Even quakers flock to the museums. Herman must not quarrel with names.

Her listeners were only too willing to be convinced. Before her visit concluded, Herman was on his way to the Museum. When Miss Pomeroy took her leave, she bore with her the delightful consciousness that two heavy hearts had been lightened by her presence.

Herman was not thoroughly successful in his

irst interview with Mr. Saunders, the manager of the Museum—but he received some ground for hope to find a precarious footing upon. After several visits, and protracted discussions, a contract was finally drawn up, and Herman and Jessie were engaged to share the business of leading lady and gentleman—a much higher position than they had occupied in the London theatre they had just left.

On the same day a commodious, closely packed trunk was sent to Jessie's chamber. It contained a variety of valuable contributions to her wardrobe. It was accompanied by no message, no name, but she knew that there was only one friend to whom she could be thus indebted.

A comfortable chair had also mysteriously made its appearance in her room—a large, cushioned, *rocking*-chair, which her English notions at first thought very odd—but which she soon pronounced comfortable and soothing in the extreme. It amused her to see how soon the restless Herman fell into the American fashion of rocking unconsciously, while he was thinking, talking—even reading. Rocking-chairs were certainly invented to meet the demands of something in the unquiet American temperament with which Herman sympathized.

One day, when Jessie returned from a sh walk, she found some pots of geranium in f bloom standing in her window. How s wept at the sight! They reminded her so f cibly of Jeannie's hanging garden—of tl pleasant chamber where poor Jeannie now alone.

Another day, upon her table, lay several v umes that could not fail to interest her—publi tions of standard American literature, but qu new to her.

At another time, the most deliciously tempti basket of fruit awaited her. But there was ne note or card attached to these tokens, nor any message accompany them. They alw found their way to her room in some mysteri manner when she was absent.

When she attempted to thank Miss Pomer the latter laughingly disclaimed all knowlec of her meaning. Jessie's gratitude could find expression in words, but it spoke in her loo her eyes that filled with tears, her hand t grasped that of her new friend with speak tenderness.

For the next two months, Herman and Jes toiled nightly for the public amusement. Tl were required to memorize new parts alm

daily; to enact two characters every night; to study incessantly, but before the close of the season they were established favorites.

Herman still cherished his day-dreams—still intertwined those two words as inseparable, "America and Prosperity."

CHAPTER XIII.

VIRGINIA.

A MUSEUM-season often continues throughout the summer. The members have no holidays as in other theatrical companies. When the period of Herman and Jessie's engagement expired their contract was instantly renewed. The manager had found them valuable acquisitions to his corps.

Through the intense heat of a withering sultry summer—such a summer as the young strangers had never dreamed of in their native land, their labors, mental and physical, continued unabated.

Jessie was frequently visited by Miss Pomeroy, enlivened by her cheerful conversation, and soothed by her manifold delicate attentions.

"How good you are! I feel as though I ought to thank you so much!" one day exclaimed the young actress to her friend.

"Really? Then you feel as though you

ght to make me very uncomfortable, and I rdly expected that from you. Listen, and be-ve me, when I tell you that it gives *me* more light to be able to offer you these trivial ser-ces than some really great benefit you might ceive could possibly impart to *you*. Thus, you e, *you* are *not* my debtor. I am in debt to eaven for the opportunity which it affords me scattering a few humble flowers in your stony athway. Do you not know that it is far more essed to give than to receive?"

After that Jessie was silent; not less grateful, ut she felt that Miss Pomeroy spoke truth, that he greater felicity was the giver's.

But Jessie had little leisure to devote to the weet, heart-refreshing communings of friendship. Her mornings were passed at rehearsal; her venings on the stage, and the brief intervening eriod in study and the preparation of her ward-obe.

Herman was as constantly occupied, but to im the incessant employment was invigorating, nd satisfied the cravings of his aspiring, ener-etic nature.

He was developing unquestionable talents; he as learning to use his powers artistically; he velled in the sense of inspiration produced by

an entire abandonment to the witchery of p
sonation.

Sometimes he was saddened by the thou
that his once bright-hued English rose was dro
ing, fading; that it struck no root in this forei
soil. But no, that could not be; it was t
the oppressive atmosphere that had sapped
strength and paled its vivid colors; the braci
autumn winds would revive and retint the tra
planted flower. He reassured himself with th
reflections, and Jessie smiled assent until t
became convictions.

Autumn came with its sharp, easterly blas
winter with its piercing cold; its hills of sno
its frosted trees glittering with pendant icic
The wellspring of life seemed chilled and fro
in Jessie's feeble frame. She struggled on, w
fitful strength, until December. Christmas mo
ing that broke so brightly, in spite of its sev
greeting, upon thousands of merry hearts, fou
Jessie unable to leave her couch. Her illn
took the form of debility, amounting to compl
prostration, and attended by a slight cough.

For several weeks, her entreaties, conveyed
the manager through Herman, prevented
permanent engagement of any substitute w
could take her place in the company. Bu

was soon apparent that her efforts to rally were fruitless. Her situation was transferred to another.

Every moment of Herman's time, not engrossed within the walls of the Museum, was passed by Jessie's couch. He even studied his parts, seated by her side. Her fond eyes rested on his face; she heard the low murmuring of his voice; she would not distract his attention by a word, but his presence soothed and comforted her.

Never before had Jessie's likeness to her sister been so striking. Sometimes Herman almost fancied that fragile, recumbent form, that worn face, those soft, mournful eyes, were Jeannie's. For Jessie's eyes had ever been filled with lustre; her countenance dimpled with animation; her cheeks had stolen their bloom from the peach; her form was a model of rounded symmetry.

Thus the winter snows melted away and spring put on her robe of vivid green, and summer her mantle, embroidered with flowers and gemmed with fruits, but Herman's Rose of beauty revived not with the spring—bloomed not again with the kindred summer flowers.

It was strange to see how gentle and patient he had become through this long season of watching and anxiety. The attrition of sorrow had

rounded and smoothed down the sharpnesses of his impulsive character. In tending the dear invalid, all the softness of his nature had been called forth. He saw her bright spirit hovering on the borders of the eternal land, and he thought, as he had never done before, of his fitness (or rather unfitness) to follow her there—to walk with her hand in hand through the glorious realms of the hereafter.

Every week Jessie received a letter of love from her far-off sister. Jeannie wrote so graphically that when her letters were received she became present—she was holding her beloved sister's hand, and her dulcet tones were sounding in Jessie's ears. Jessie always kept the last letter beside her, or beneath her pillow, until it was replaced by another. Many times, each day, when Herman was absent, it was unfolded and reperused;—sometimes she kissed the senseless paper messenger and talked to it as if it were a living thing. Jessie, in spite of her exhausted state, answered these loved epistles with never-failing regularity. But she forbore to tell her sister how she yearned and pined for her companionship—for her child's presence—for the humblest home or shelter in "that sweet Isle of Isles the Queen,"—how impossible it seemed for her

hopes and affections to shoot their fibres into, or draw their nourishment from, this foreign earth.

Miss Pomeroy had brought to Jessie's bedside her own family physician. He pronounced the case to be one over which medical skill has little power.

"This climate is too rough and positive for such an ethereal being—you must take her to the South"—he said to Herman.

The tide of prosperity had flowed with a full sea towards Herman. His prospects in Boston nightly grew more brilliant. When the manager received an intimation that Herman Landor must relinquish his engagement, he made an offer to double or treble his salary. He had already separated his name from that of the stock company and announced him as a star.

Herman turned his eyes from the letter that contained this proposal, to the pallid face of his young wife, and did not for an instant waver in his decision.

He applied at once to southern managers.

As though to test his power of resisting temptation, he now received an offer from the theatre of highest standing in Boston. He was ambitious, as we have seen. He gloried in the profession in which he now found himself qualified to shine,

but his love for Jessie stifled the noisy promptings of ambition and professional pride. He returned a grateful, but unqualified, refusal. The same day he accepted a very moderate proposal for his services as leading man in the only theatre at Richmond, Virginia. Easily reconciled to change, he contemplated his visit to the Queen State with pleasure.

"Massachusetts and Virginia! the two States in the days of Washington most prominent and most closely leagued in the bonds of fellowship—I shall have seen them both!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

It was in the month of October that the young actor and his invalid wife turned their faces southward. They journeyed very slowly, for the slightest exertion seemed to exhaust Jessie's almost expended strength.

Herman constructed a rude couch, composed of slats of wood, resembling those of a bed, and fastened together by small strips of leather. These wooden slats, folded into a small compass, could be readily carried about. In the railway carriages they were spread out, supported by opposite seats, and covered with shawls, travelling blankets, &c. With a pillow for the head, a tolerably comfortable couch was thus ingeniously

provided. Jessie seldom sat up during the journey.

Miss Pomeroy, with her characteristic thoughtfulness, had written to some friends in Richmond, to secure the travellers pleasant apartments in a quiet hotel.

Though the journey could be accomplished in a couple of days, it had consumed a week when Herman bore his half-lifeless wife to her chamber in their winter home.

Miss Pomeroy's southern friends were prompt in calling upon the suffering stranger. But Jessie could not overcome her truly English reserve, and her natural timidity was greatly increased when she accidentally learned that, in Virginia, a canon of the church prohibits its members from attending dramatic representations.* Thus the acted drama seemed placed *without* the pale of good. She knew nothing of the arguments which might be used in extenuation of so narrow an edict. Much that to her seemed the growth of bigotry did not deserve a name so solemnly harsh. Traditional prejudice—the excitement produced by the burning of a theatre, in which many valuable lives were lost—

* Canon XIX. of the *revised* Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Virginia.

perhaps some abuses of the theatre itself, and a want of desire, or power, to suppress them, on the part of the public—these causes might have furnished a fitter appellation for the source whence this edict emanated.

To an English actress the bare fact of such a restriction augured contracted minds and unexpanded hearts. If the drama was denounced, so must its exponents be! She shrank from all association with those who regarded with scorn that profession which, to her, a mother had dignified and sanctified.

Truly spoke the lips of a wise and God-loving minister of the Gospel* at a later day, "He is no benefactor of the human race who invents new and imaginary sins. We have plenty of old and real ones." * * * "Let us not fancy that we are serving the cause of godliness, when we are discouraging recreations. Let us be hearty in our pleasures as in our work, and not think that the gracious Being who has made us so open-hearted to delight, looks with dissatisfaction at our enjoyment, as a hard task-master might, who in the glee of his slaves could see only a hinderance to their profitable working."

* Rev. Dr. Bellows.

Even had Jessie's strength permitted, she would have had no desire to leave her chamber.

In vain Herman described to her the landscape beauties of this city, reared on hills, whose every street, at sudden bends, reveals some picturesque prospect; or told her of the garden-begirt houses, the magnificent magnolia-trees (especial objects of admiration to all northern strangers) that stood, green-liveried sentinels, at so many doors. Jessie clung to retirement. She knew nothing of the hospitable hearts that dwelt in those tasteful mansions. This city must ever seem to her a place in which her body sojourned in isolation, but where her heart was not. She was more a recluse in this crowded town, than the crippled Jeannie in her solitary little chamber at the top of the theatre.

Jessie wronged not a few kind and liberal spirits by her conclusions, drawn from appearances. There was at least a trio of ladies of unquestionable social position, of high cultivation, of blameless lives, whose generous natures led them to stretch out a ready hand to cheer the faltering step, to wreathe the aching brow, to watch over the uncertain fate of the struggling artist; a trio whose names were embalmed in the heart of many a poor actor and actress as the most precious and

revered memory to which gratitude could cling But Jessie, through her own fault, knew them not

In Herman's absence a colored domestic, desig nated as "Aunt Sylvia," was Jessie's sole, bu constant companion.

Aunt Sylvia, in common with those of her race looked down with supreme contempt upon "poo white trash." This is the appellation commonl given by negroes to persons who are not sur rounded by the appliances of wealth and family She at first treated the actor's wife as though i were a condescension to serve her. But Jessie' mild tones and gentle ways soon found an avenu to the kind heart that beat in her swarthy bosom

Then Aunt Sylvia had "gotten religion," an was a devotee after her own peculiar fashion There is little doubt that the religious impulse of the colored population are remarkably strong But religion, to be received by them, must tak some boisterous, highly stimulating form. I must find vent in declamation, and groans, an protestations, and constant psalm-singing, an the rejection of certain so-called amusement The calm, certain faith, the settled principle, th life of daily, unostentatious goodness, which con stituted Jessie's piety, Aunt Sylvia could neve have comprehended.

The generality of colored people, in Richmond, are Baptists. Aunt Sylvia had been immersed—had made open profession of faith—had renounced certain vain pleasures, such as dancing, sight-seeing, and merry making. A theatre, to which the husband of her invalid charge belonged—ay, that *was* the devil's workshop, and no mistake! Aunt Sylvia had great concern about poor Jessie's soul; she hoped that it *might* be saved; she was quite secure about her own, and was always hankering after the guardianship of other people's.

"Ah! Missus, I wish you'd made your blessed bed in Heaven. I wish you had! I'se done gone and renounced de world myself. I don't believe but dat you couldn't do no better dan jus follow old Sylvy. I'se been wrastlin in prayer for ye, and I want to hear ye a shoutin hallelujahs!"

Thus she would address Jessie, in pitying tones, and with many doleful shakes ob her Madras kerchiefed head.

"You're very good to think of me," answered Jessie meekly.

"It's de Lord dats a thinking ob you, honey, and it's his mouthpiece I am, jus as Aaron was Moseses. I tell you, young marster ought jus to

give up dem courses ob play acting. Oh! fearful in de sight ob de Lord!" and Au Sylvia wrung her hands and groaned deeply.

Jessie was too feeble to remonstrate; she cou only answer, "I will talk to you about that wh I am better, Aunt Sylvia."

"It's too weak you are now, honey, st enough, but you'll give de matter an early side tion, won't ye? And I'll send up a prayer to Lord dat he'll give ye your own time for repe ing. For I'm afraid your salvation's duberson any how. So now, go you to sleep, honey, for present."

Aunt Sylvia, on many other occasions, stro to lure Jessie into religious discussions. Jes admired the old black woman's earnestness, b she would not argue with her. All contenti was so revolting to her mild nature that, Goethe said, "If Raphael had painted it, a Shakespeare dramatized it, it would not be durable."

Herman had his way to make in a fresh fie before this unknown audience. He came them an unheralded stranger, and he had his laurels to win anew. He toiled untiring but reward came slowly. His impatience w calmed down in the severe schools through whi

was passing. Perseverance had taken its place and walked hand in hand with energy.

The theatre closed at the end of April. The season had been unusually prosperous. Herman received an offer to take the head of the company again in the autumn. He hesitated about accepting. The climate had not materially benefited Jessie. The cold was much less intense than in Boston, but the houses were lightly built, and did not offer the same protection against the weather. True, the balmy spring air that revivified all nature, had not breathed on Jessie in vain. She recovered sufficiently to be able to take short rambles, leaning on Herman's arm, and a faint hue returned to her cheek; but the low, deep cough still struck like a knell upon his ear; and the hurried pulse, and burning hands, told that the fires of disease were only smothered, not extinguished; they were slowly consuming the sources of life.

"Travel with your wife," was the medical advice he received. "Change of scene—fresh air—beautiful prospects, will do more to invigorate her than all the medicine that was ever concocted."

Travel! that was always a delightful sound to Herman, and Jessie smiled hopefully when it was uttered, for she too shared her husband's passion

for picturesque scenery, and note-worthy sight And they were in Virginia—that Queen of State so richly endowed with mountains, forests, rive springs, mines! Virginia, the Mother of t English Colonies, in whose bosom Freedom w born—Virginia, the home of Washington, t greatest of heroes and of men! They agre that their first pilgrimage should be to the sp he had called home, while living, and where l ashes were entombed.

Then, if Jessie's strength permitted, they wou cross that magnificent chain of mountains—t Blue Ridge,— would visit the wonderful Natu Bridge, and Weyer's far-famed cave, and so of those much-talked of springs,—the white s phur, or the red, or the yellow, the Alum Sprin or the Sweet Springs! "They might perha restore you!" said Herman.

But a nervous tremor seized Jessie at t very thought of this last proposition. To brought in contact with strangers at a fashic able watering-place would have been torture.

"Not to the Springs, Herman. Let us lea them out of the journey. They would n benefit me."

"As you will, little wife, but where shall go first?"

"Oh! to Mount Vernon," exclaimed Jessie. "If there were but one spot that I could visit in this beautiful land, it would be the memory-hallowed home and grave of the father of his country. No land contains such ashes as those!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MOUNT VERNON.

AUNT SYLVIA was not sparing of tender admonitions to Herman and Jessie on the morning that they started on their excursion. With truly maternal interest she made the needful preparations, busied herself with packing, in the most efficient manner, and spared Jessie all avoidable fatigue.

Jessie gratefully clasped the ebon hand of the affectionate old woman, and promised that she would return, looking much stronger, in three days.

On a balmy May morning they took their seats in the early train to Aquia Creek, and reached Washington, by steamboat, at two o'clock.

Jessie was so much fatigued that she at once sought repose, but she read Herman's inclinations too clearly to desire that he would remain at her side. At her earnest request he left her, and was soon exploring the seat of government in his usual impetuous, rapid style, gathering

information as he went from every chance associate of the hour.

The next morning found Jessie wonderfully revived. It was long since Herman had beheld her so cheerful, so almost merry as when they went on board the small steamboat that conveyed pilgrims to "Washington's beloved Mount Vernon," his "earthly paradise," as it is styled by his illustrious chronicler, Washington Irving. Her look and tone recalled the image of her former buoyant self, and Herman sighed when he remembered what a change love for him had wrought.

During her residence in Virginia she had appeared singularly depressed. Her mind had become almost morbidly sensitive on the subject of her husband's profession. She held herself so shrinkingly aloof from those who would willingly have become her friends, that there was no opportunity of discovering that she labored under a delusion, and misjudged the opinions and inclinations of many.

Her thoughts constantly and painfully dwelt on one subject. Even as she sat, musingly, on the deck of the steamboat, gazing upon the calm waters, through which they were somewhat slowly ploughing their way, she turned to Her-

man and exclaimed, "Washington was a mer
ber of the Episcopal church, was he not? H
piety was the crown of his greatness? Wh
can dispute that he was as good as he w
heroic? that he set a public example by his ov
irreproachable line of conduct? Yet history te
tifies that he was a lover of the drama; that h
delighted in theatrical representations; that wh
he entered a theatre, he was cheered by the auc
ence, and with cordial dignity acknowledged th
greeting. Can his countrymen, then, his V
ginia brethren in particular, have the temerity
denounce what he approved? They must a
proach, surpass his virtues before they gain t
right to judge, condemn his actions."

"Two facts!" replied Herman gaily. "Th
one to be drawn from inference, the former h
torical, and most pleasant for such as you and
to contemplate. Washington certainly approv
of dramatic representations, and apparently son
of his countrymen differ with him in opinio
His predilection for the drama is further prov
by the private theatricals over which he himse
presided in the Presidential mansion."

"True—it cheers me to remember that!
have had need of such recollections since I liv
in Virginia. The oppression which the hea

land of opinion has laid upon me is removed when I reflect that this is the man to whose greatness and goodness both continents have lone homage. Do you remember those lines of Byron's,

'Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes one, the first, the best, the last,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush there was but one!'"

At this moment they drew near the rude wharf; the boat stopped; and the crowd of passengers landed.

By a narrow pathway they ascended a majestic hill thickly draped with trees. The sun scarcely found its way through the luxuriant foliage. They mounted slowly, but had only spent a few minutes in ascending, when they came suddenly upon a picturesque nook, where a cluster of unostentatious, white marble shafts, shot from greenly sodded earth, inclosed by iron railings. These unpretending monuments mark the localities where repose the mortal remains of Washington's kindred.

Just beyond stands a square brick-building.

In the centre you see an iron gate. Here the crowd pauses in reverential silence. Men lift their hats and women bow their heads. You behold within, two sarcophagi. In those mouldering tombs lie the ashes of the great Washington and his wife.

Not a word is uttered as the crowd stand gazing on this lowly receptacle of the dust of America's mighty dead.

Are there any in that group who can say, "this was *our* country's father?" If there be, can they stand pilgrims at that grave without Washington's examples, his counsels, his words, heretofore, it may be, half forgotten, stealing back into their minds, until the sense of reverence and gratitude is deepened almost to awe? Do they not feel that Washington's spirit is abroad in the world, filling the souls of a heaven-favored people with the love of freedom and of country, though his ashes are gathered here?

Some one moves to pass on, and with that first step the spell is broken; others follow. Herman and Jessie linger last. After a period of mute and moving reflection, they turn away and slowly approach the mansion that in simple, rural stateliness, stands upon a noble promontory, belted with woods, and half-girdled by the spark-

ing waters of the Potomac which flow in a semi-circle around a portion of the mount.

The water and woodland view from the portico is highly imposing. But it was not the mere recognition of the picturesque and beautiful in nature that moved Herman and Jessie. They would have felt that they were on holy ground, had the landscape been devoid of natural charm. Here the feet of the first of heroes had trod;—here in boyhood he had sported with his beloved brother Lawrence;—in those forests, those deep-wooded glens, he had hunted, when a stripling, by the side of old Lord Fairfax;—here he took his first lessons in the art of war;—to this home he brought his bride;—by this old-fashioned, hospitable-looking fireside, he sat with that dear and faithful wife;—beneath yonder alley of lofty trees he has often wandered by her side;—here he indulged the agricultural tastes in which he delighted;—here resigned his Cincinnatus vocation and bade adieu to his cherished home at the summons of his country. Here his wife received the letter which told her that he had been appointed commander-in-chief of the army;—here, when the glorious struggle closed at the trumpet notes of victory—when the British had retired—when, with tears coursing down his benignant,

manly countenance, he had uttered a touching farewell—bestowed a paternal benediction on the American army, and resigned all public service—here he returned, thinking to resume the rural pursuits that charmed him, and to end his days in peace! Here are the trees—the shrubbery he planted with his own hands, and noted in his diary;—here are the columns of the portico round which he twined the coral honeysuckle;—the ivy he transplanted still clings to yonder garden wall;—these vistas he opened through yon pine groves to command far-off views! Here the valiant Lafayette sojourned with him; there hangs the key of the Bastile which he presented. Here flocked the illustrious men of all climes, and were received with warm, unpretending, almost rustic hospitality. Here the French Houdon modelled his statue, and the English Pine painted his portrait, and caused that jocose remark, "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painters' pencil that I am altogether at their beck, and sit like 'Patience on a monument!'"

Then came another summons from the land he had saved, and he was chosen by unanimous voice its chief ruler.

Thousands of men, women, and children, sent up acclamations, and called down blessings on his

lead, as he made his triumphal progress from Mount Vernon to New York, to take the Presidential oath. The roar of cannon rent the air. The streets, through which he passed, were illuminated and decked with flags and wreaths. Bonfires blazed on the hills. From ships and boats floated festive decorations. At Gray's Ferry he passed under triumphal arches. On the bridge across the Assumpink, (the very bridge over which he had retreated in such blank despair before the army of Cornwallis on the eve of the battle of Princeton,) thirteen pillars, twined with laurel and evergreens, were reared by woman's hands. The foremost of the arches those columns supported, bore the inscription, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters." Mothers, with their white-robed daughters, were assembled beneath the vernal arcade. Thirteen maidens scattered flowers beneath his feet as they sang an ode of gratulation. The people's hero ever after spoke of this tribute as the one that touched him most deeply.

When his first Presidential term expired and his heart yearned for the peace of his domestic hearth, the entreaties of Jefferson, Randolph, and Hamilton, forced him to forget that home for the one he held in the hearts of patriots, and to allow

his name to be used a second time. A second time he was unanimously elected to preside over his country's welfare. But, the period happily expired, he thankfully laid aside the mantle of state, the sceptre of power, and, five days after the inauguration of Adams, returned here to his Mount Vernon home. And here the good servant, whom his Lord, when he came, found watching and ready, calmly yielded up his breath, exclaiming, "It is well!" and his spirit was wafted to Heaven by the blessings of his enfranchised countrymen.

Such were the events upon which Herman and Jessie conversed during the hours that glided away at Mount Vernon.

Herman could not but wonder, and not wholly without indignation, that while the earthly dwellings of so many men, rendered illustrious by their genius or their great deeds, were held sacred in the old world, this home of America's peerless patriot, the most hallowed ground of the new land, had not been snatched from the chances of profanation and ruin, and set apart as a shrine to which young and old might make pilgrimages, and be inspired with holy and patriotic emotions as they visited the scenes consecrated by the memory—the virtues, of the departed hero.

The day for that token of a nation's reverence
t—will come"—answered Jessie confidently.
e land is young—it has not had time, in its
ling struggle for existence, to claim to itself
omb upon which the spirit of liberty sits en-
ned. But Mount Vernon will not be dese-
d. If governments are forgetful, there are
nany grateful hearts in the breasts of Ameri-
women for Mount Vernon, the home of their
r, to become a ruin. What did you tell me of
aising of the Bunker Hill Monument? When
shrank at the prospect of failure, did not
an press forward and finish what their
ers began? And may not the efforts of the
ful and devoted women of the land preserve,
rine Mount Vernon?"

Enthusiast!" said Herman, "do you suppose
could accomplish such an Herculean task?"

Yes"—replied Jessie with fervor, "that, or any
l and holy work to which they devote their
energies. Let but a master-spirit (Heaven-
inted) lead them and mark out the way—one
e, self-sacrificing and wholly unselfish, patri-
woman, and thousands of hands and hearts
labor with her—they will share her laurels,
the work will truly be hers, and it will surely
ccomplished."

At this moment the sounding of a bell warning that the boat was about to re and they reluctantly retraced their steps tc wharf.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE next morning Herman and Jessie returned to Richmond. Aunt Sylvia's shining ebon face was the first to greet them as they entered the hotel. What a row of glittering teeth her broad smile of welcome disclosed! Herman had hardly lifted Jessie from the carriage when she found herself in the old Auntie's arms, almost stifled by the heartiness of her hug.

"It's old Sylvy dat's glad in her heart to see you, my young missus! I'se gwine to send up a shout ob thanksgiving dis night cause I'se got ye back safe. Ye always peared just like a lamb to old Sylvy, and she missed ye strayed from de fold. How you do, young marster?" shaking hands violently, in the warmth of her affection, with Herman. "Are you gwine to take up de young missus, or has she gotten her legs again?"

"I can walk, thank you, Aunt Sylvia," said Jessie gratefully. "You see travelling has done me good. I am much stronger already."

As Jessie and Herman ascended the stair, Aunt Sylvia followed, ejaculating, "De Lord's had mercy on her, sure enough She'll be spared to become a servant ob de Lord's yet—a brand snatched from de burning! She'll sing her hallelujah before de tabernacle ob de Lord—she will!"

After two days' rest, Jessie declared herself quite refreshed. She begged that they might commence their journey to the Natural Bridge on the next morning. They were to start early. Aunt Sylvia roused them just as the sun shot his first golden rays through the night clouds. The motherly old woman had prepared for Jessie and insisted upon her drinking a cup of hot coffee "to keep out de damp air," and thrust into her travelling reticule a "snack," wrapped in paper, to refresh her on the road.

The travellers were comfortably seated in the Danville cars a little before six, and reached Lynchburg at one o'clock, whirling onward to Buford's Gap, where they arrived at half-past two.

Herman and Jessie were lost in admiration of the constantly changing but ever pictorial beauty of the scenery which they flew past, on "vapory pinions;" the rolling, undulating ground, now

swelling into verdant hills, now sinking into smooth, green valleys; the pleasant groves of pine, cedar, arbor vitæ, scattered at intervals; the lofty umbrage of majestic oaks, with their shining, sharply cut leaves; the bright foliage of the mountain laurel, in its first, soft, spring freshness; the tremulous sunbeams quivering through a vernal screen, and flinging shadows over the living landscape that vary in tint as the hues of a kaleidoscope; the ground, "fresh cloven by the plough," and giving promise of golden harvests; the James River, winding its murmuring way through willow-fringed banks, and breaking ever and anon at unexpected turns upon the eager sight!

And now they catch a momentary glimpse of the magnificent mountain range called the Blue Ridge. The regal mountains disappear as the train rushes onward. Now, in the purple distance, the Peaks of Otter, crowned with an aerial diadem of amethysts, shoot up in stately, solitary grandeur against the horizon.

The train has reached its destination.

"Can it be eight hours and a half since we left Richmond?" exclaimed Jessie.

"It hardly seemed one hour to me!" answered Herman.

They are at Buford's Gap. They enter the stagecoach. Jessie declares she has never seen a coach so comfortable. It is not three o'clock when they commence ascending the Blue Ridge, which they must traverse before they can reach Buchanan. The winding road runs through a noble forest of gigantic growth. At every instant new views of the wonderful mountain-chain burst on the enraptured gaze of the travellers. And what marvellous variety of coloring! One mountain appears tinged with a rich purple hue so dark that it becomes almost black, contrasted with the ethereal blue against which it reposes; the neighboring mountain seems a shelving sea of vivid green, with the shadow of the clouds trembling on its bosom. And that mountain yonder—a pearly light drops down its sides between long streaks of gray; its bride-like companion is robed in a filmy white garment, with misty folds of opal.

Jessie's keen enjoyment of the sublime and beautiful is quickened to ecstasy, because Herman's arm is about her, his voice in her ears, his eyes, when turned from nature's glorious panorama, are looking into hers. Their spirits are attuned to the same key of exalted admiration. It is a halcyon season for them. There must be

heaven within to make heaven around—we carry our heaven about with us,—thus they made and found theirs.

The stage moved very slowly.

"Oh! let us walk," said Jessie, "we can easily keep up with the coach. We must not lose the least portion of this grandly beautiful scenery."

"Are you strong enough?" asked Herman tenderly.

"Yes—yes—these mountains quite lift me out of myself, and make me forget my own feebleness."

Herman descended, and Jessie sprang from the coach with an elastic bound to which she had long been a stranger.

The earth exhaled a refreshing odor, that mingled with the delicious aroma of the blossoming locust, and greeted them with a fragrant welcome. The dogwood spread wide its branching arms, covered with white blossoms, as though to overshadow them. Wild flowers, in luxuriant profusion, had pierced the tender earth, and hung their floral wreaths on the mountain's side to gladden their eyes.

Herman hardly waited for Jessie's bidding to clamber up the steep ascent and gather violets (very large ones, of darkly rich hue), mountain

pinks; bright scarlet flowers, for which they knew no name; the lily-shaped, snowy clusters of the whortleberry blossoms; honeysuckles in abundance, some rose-tinted, some of a coral hue, some of a deep salmon color. The luxuriant buds of the rhododendron gave abundant promise, but none were yet in bloom.

Jessie paused in admiration before a tree decorated, from its very crown, with white tassels that swept the ground, or floated on the air when stirred by the lightest breeze.

"Pray, Herman, inquire the name of that tree. I have never seen one like it. How graceful! how delicate! how beautiful!"

"They call it the fringe-tree," replied the driver to Herman's inquiry.

A more apposite name could not have been chosen.

Just then Herman caught sight of a hawthorn, upon which a single branch still lingered in bloom; he broke it off hastily, and brought it to Jessie.

"Do you remember the day upon which I first saw you, Jessie? Your arms were filled with May-bloom! But the flowers of the hawthorn here, you see, are smaller, and have not so roseate a tint as in England."

As Jessie took the branch, her thoughts flew back to the little chamber which she had entered with such a joyous, careless heart on that memorable morning. The mystic branch had invoked the image of her far-off sister—a vision of her absent child! She had felt no fatigue until that moment. Now she clung to Herman's arm, and begged him to place her again in the coach. These memories have suddenly sapped her strength.

Herman had not noticed her agitation; he thought she was simply tired. She sat silent, with the bright flowers heaped on her lap, and the one hawthorn branch laid above the rest,—her eyes were fixed on that alone; but Herman was gazing from the window with unabated enjoyment.

They had reached the summit, and Jessie was roused from her reverie by the grand descent which the coach made with locked wheels. They were rushing, plunging down an almost perpendicular road. The heaven-embracing mountains around were bathed in the crimson and gold of the setting sun—now fading into violet, now melting into gray. The rapid motion of the coach, the gazing down upon the lofty eminences to which they before looked up, the dashing past

them, was startling, almost bewildering. Perh nothing less exciting could have recalled Jess thoughts to a consciousness of the present hou

About seven in the evening, the travel arrived at the pretty village of Buchanan, in valley of Virginia, and entered a modest, w kept hotel.

Behind the house looms up Purgatory mo tain, with its bleak, burnt, rugged surface c trasting strangely with its richly wooded mo tain neighbors.

Purgatory creek runs from the mounta base, its dark, sluggish waters not inappropriat named.

This mountain had been set on fire some ye before, and its verdure completely destroyed.

As the queen of night rose above the unsigl pile, her beautifying presence changed the som mists to silver, and enveloped the arid mount in a mantle of glittering haze. So the heave light of truth clothes some harsh reality of with comforting loveliness.

At eight in the morning, Herman and Je seated themselves in a light vehicle, which t hired at the inn, and took their way through verdant valley of Virginia towards the Nat Bridge.

The Blue Ridge, with amaranthine wreaths of mist encircling its august brows, was constantly in view. The land was

> "Dimpled close with hill and valley,
> Dimpled very close with shade."

Fertile glades spread their emerald carpeting on every side. All nature was instinct with life. Now and then the murmur of some silver-toned brook caught the ear, and its waters, irrigating the green pastures, flashed and danced in the sunshine.

A jocose driver, yclept Camper, amused the travellers by his comic snatches of songs, often appropriate to the subject of conversation, his apt queries, and quaint, unsolicited discussions of the topics of the day.

They drove across the wonderful bridge without being aware of their passage. The sides are fenced in to guard against accidents. When Camper laughingly informed them that they had passed over, Jessie's disappointment was so great that he repented of the trick with which he was wont to surprise travellers.

They had travelled one hundred and seventy-two miles west of the city of Richmond.

Just beyond the bridge is a small rustic hotel,

(with somewhat primitive accommodations,) a
here the party alight. They are impatient
behold the wondrous arch, and a guide is fi
nished at once.

He conducted them down a steep declivity, ‹
the mountain's side, which led beneath the brid
The road was rough and wild, but its sylv
beauty made amends. Herman was intent ‹
supporting Jessie, for the sharp stones, more th
once, cut through the too delicate covering of h
feet. He did not note what progress they mad
he hardly looked up.

They were just half-way to the bridge. "L
me sit here for a moment," said Jessie; "I a
so much exhausted, I must rest."

They sat down on a smooth stone beneath t
shadow of a spreading cedar. They raised the
eyes—an involuntary exclamation of amazeme
broke from their lips at the stupendous sig
before them! They had caught the first glimp
of the mighty bridge, standing out from the ve
dant woodland that mantled its sides.

For a few moments they gazed, awe-struc
upon the imposing spectacle. Then adow
Jessie's cheeks the tears rained in rapid showers.

To her who sought for God's presence ever
where—who traced the workings of his Almigh

nd in humblest things, how overwhelmingly
ıs its potent touch revealed here!
The grandeur—the sublimity of this architec-
'e of Divine execution seemed to raise her up
near to her Creator that her whole soul was
illed with emotion.
Herman gazed in rapt astonishment, as one
ldenly petrified.
'Can Niagara be more wonderful than this
;antic arch?" he ejaculated after a long silence.
'Not so high," answered the guide, interpreting
words literally. "The bridge is fifty-five feet
;her than the falls of Niagara."
'Let us go on! Let us approach," half whis-
:ed Jessie.
With slow, almost with reverent steps, they
:w nearer and nearer.
Beneath the bridge runs Cedar Creek, leaping
:r the stones with a low, gurgling, musical
:ce, as though it were murmuring a continual
nn of praise for the mighty work above.
The water sometimes rises six or seven feet,
t it was now so low that Herman, Jessie, and
ir guide could pass beneath the bridge, spring-
; from rock to rock, until they reached a little
ınd perfectly dry, and directly under the centre
the arch.

Here they sat down in the cool shadow of th towering bulwark, and contemplated the scene.

The guide told them that the bridge wa formed of limestone rock—was three hundre feet high—was forty feet thick—the chasm fift feet wide at the bottom and forty at the top—bu these arithmetical calculations rather jarred o their ears.

How Jessie wished that the guide would leav them to muse alone! As she looked up wit swimming eyes, it seemed to her as though th triumphal arch of nature touched the cerulea dome above.

The summit is fringed with trees that lean ove as if peering into the abyss beneath. Here an there, along the sides of the rocky wall, a hard child of the forest has planted firmly claspin roots and spread out its verdant arms.

The vigorous growth of the arbor vitæ, in pa ticular, which, in these regions, obtains unusua size and beauty, attracted their attention.

Now the guide points out to them the name carved on the inner side of the bridge. Wash ington, who had performed the feat of throwin half a dollar from below to the top, clambere high, and inscribed his name. A few years ag a young Virginian—a member of the legislatur

with a sudden impulse of ambition, determined to place his name far above every other. He climbed so high that he could not return. He had to cut holes in the limestone, with his penknife, to support himself. His fingers were torn and bleeding—his horror baffles description. He was forced to go on and try to pass over the bridge, as he could not descend—the spectators expected every moment to see him dashed to pieces. At length ropes were lowered to him from the side opposite to the one where he had commenced his perilous ascent. He seized them, with the energy of despair, and was rescued! He never wholly recovered the effects of the shock. He could not cease to reproach himself with this wanton peril of his life. He became a victim to melancholy, and could not bear to hear his folly mentioned. He only lived a few years, but, it is said, became very pious before he died.

The same feat (so the guide told them) had since been repeated more successfully, without the aid of ropes, by some Lexington students.

The patriots of the Revolution used this bridge to make their shot. The liquid lead was dropped from above into a receptacle in the creek. In this utilitarian land even the most marvellous works of nature have been called upon to per-

form their use. Does not Niagara turn sundry busy mills?

Now the guide bids them look up directly beneath the centre of the arch, and asks them what they see.

"An eagle! An eagle with outspread wings?" exclaimed Herman.

It was indeed a representation of the bird that typifies America, distinctly graven on the stone. There needed no stretch of imagination to trace its outline.

"There's a lion too," said the guide; "the British lion beneath the American eagle, some call it—but the lion is not cut out so clearly."

The English couple could not trace the lion. Herman defined the head, but the lion stamped on the natural wall was somewhat dubious, though it is indisputable that the eagle is carved there. Other fantastic figures could be traced, but none with the same certainty as that national emblem.

They had lingered some hours beneath the bridge, its marvels still unexhausted, when the guide proposed that they should reascend to obtain a view from above.

They were loath to tear themselves away, but, as they proposed to reach Lexington that night, there was little more time to spare.

The ascent was very fatiguing, and Jessie paused to rest many times before they found themselves upon the rocky parapets, looking down on the deep abyss. They passed from cliff to cliff to command different prospects.

Jessie's cheek grew ashy pale as she gazed down the precipice, and the huge yawning chasm swam before her sight. She was forced to turn away, ashamed of her own weakness. But Herman consoled her by recalling to her mind that the renowned Jefferson had declared his own head had grown sick and giddy at that appalling sight.

The travellers returned to the hotel—partook of a light repast, and at three o'clock, reluctantly proceeded onwards. They reached the lovely village of Lexington, thirty-seven miles distant, by seven. Their humorous driver, whose loquacity seemed inexhaustible, indulged them by the way with songs and anecdotes innumerable.

CHAPTER XVI.

WEYER'S CAVE.

JESSIE was too much overcome by fatigue to proceed to Staunton the next morning. She rested for three days in perfect quiet, before Herman thought her able to resume her journey.

She did not attempt to accompany him on his visits to the Virginia Military Institute, the Washington College, etc. But he entertained her, as usual, with minute and graphic descriptions.

At eleven o'clock, on the morning of the fourth day, they took their places in the stagecoach, and reached Staunton at sunset.

The next day Jessie was impatient to start for Weyer's Cave, and assured Herman that she was quite able to encounter the fatigue of the drive.

It was a cool, delicious morning. They started in a light carriage, at eight o'clock, travelled northward for seventeen miles, and, in three hours, reached the pretty little inn kept by the Mohlers. It is to a portion of the Mohler family the cave belongs.

Jessie was charmed by the tasteful garden that

surrounded the house—the neatness and sylvan simplicity of the miniature domain.

They were received by a juvenile party, who discharged the duties of hosts. A remarkably handsome youth, of twelve years, with an intelligent countenance, and keen, black eyes; his brother, about two years younger, sons of the proprietor; a mulatto boy of eleven, and his sister, Rachel, some five years his senior,—a maiden who might have laid claims to oriental beauty. Her luminous smile, which displayed immaculate teeth; her eyes, large, soft, and lustrous, the rich crimson glowing through her clear olive complexion, her manners indescribably winning, but modest withal, attracted them strongly. The elder portion of the household were absent and not expected to return until the following day. It was astonishing to the English travellers to witness the ease and gravity with which this juvenile band greeted the guests, learned their wishes, and made preparations for their comfort.

Jessie and Herman preferred sitting on the porch to enjoy the prospect; and Rachel set before them a tray with snowy bread, delicious butter, and creamy milk. Her little brother, she said, would guide them through the cave when they were sufficiently refreshed.

This boy's whole appearance formed a strong contrast to that of his sister. He was silent, unsmiling, and moved about mechanically, as though he were going through some forced and most undelightful duty. But he knew every nook and corner of the cave. He had been through it hundreds of times, and could find his way in the dark,—so said his sister Rachel.

After the rural repast, they set out, accompanied by the boy. The walk to the cave, which lies in the heart of a mountain, occupied about a quarter of an hour. The road was replete with interest and beauty. On the left runs a branch of the noble Shenandoah, greeting the ears of the travellers with its musical ripples,—its bright waters sparkling at intervals through the green foliage that overshadowed its banks. In the distance rises the august mountain chain, and to the left the stately Massannutten towers in lonely grandeur.

The narrow path that shoots up the side of the mountain, leading to the cavern, is cut through the wood. It is steep and difficult of access. Though Herman's strong arm is around her, Jessie has to pause many times. At last they reach the rude vestibule which is built over the entrance of the cave. The wooden benches are

a welcome sight. But there, close upon them, yawns a dark, cavernous mouth, somewhat appalling, at the first glance.

Herman, who never loses any opportunity of gathering information, learned the history of this cave from young Mohler, when Jessie was making some change in her attire.

While they are resting, and the boy-guide is preparing the lights, and filling the huge pockets of his jacket with an abundance of candles and matches, Herman recounts to her that in 1804 one Bernard Weyer was troubled by the depredations of a hedgehog. He set traps for the intruder, but the traps were sagaciously carried off. At last he hunted the enemy to his den, and discovered this cave, where the traps were safely stored.

Madison's cave is in the same mountain. It was discovered long before Weyer's Cave, and looked upon with wonder; but the transcendent attractions of the latter have robbed the former of all interest. It is seldom visited.

The lights are ready. The boy hands to Herman a candle placed in a tin reflector, another to Jessie, and bears two himself. Without a word he marches onward, and, with a stolid air, enters the awful mouth. Herman and Jessie follow.

The first impression was terrifying to the latter, but that sensation was quickly dispelled by wondering delight.

To trace their exact route, step by step, through all the labyrinthine windings that led to those thirty-five chambers of marvels, would be difficult. They could not have narrated the course of their subterranean journey themselves. They only knew that, descending slowly, they had been suddenly introduced into a hall, which in the dim light seemed ornamented with statues—antique works of art; that they passed on, as though in a dream, fancying themselves in some magical cell, or wizard's cave, to encounter a succession of surprises; now looking into deep abysses; now climbing stone-cut, narrow steps, and traversing vast halls; now they found themselves in the temple of Solomon, before a throne which might have rivalled the great Prophet's in the elaborate beauty of its canopied state. Now they stand contemplating a petrified waterfall—a miniature Niagara, that seemed as though its frothy torrent, while pouring furiously downward, had been suddenly congealed; now they stand in the tapestry chamber, rich curtains fall from the ceiling to the ground in folds of classic grace that would have made an upholsterer, in the

days of Louis XV., die of despair. They place the candles between the transparent foldings, and orient hues are suddenly revealed. Now they are gazing at a huge organ. The boy strikes with his pole its clearly cut, well-defined pipes. Each one gives out a soft, musical sound, varying in tone. A skilful musician might easily have called forth an air from the resonant instrument. Here stands a mammoth drum. A blow upon that is answered by a deep, sonorous reverberation that echoes through the cave like distant thunder. What an alarum!

All at once they find themselves in a vast and lofty gallery with a majestic dome. In the centre stands a single figure. Surely the chisel of the statuary has wrought here! That Roman drapery, through which the outlines of the limbs are visible—that truncheon in the hand—that regal head—those half familiar features—could they all be carved by the hand of Nature? This is called the hall of Washington, and the statue is designated as that of the Father of his country.

Next they enter the chamber of Mrs. Washington.

That steep stair they are ascending is styled Jacob's ladder. And there is Jacob's tea table—(Did Jacob drink tea?) and yonder is Jacob's ice-

house. (The young guide is quite certain he had one.)

Now they are walking amid cathedral-like aisles. Are they not formed of trees? What a bower-like place!

"The garden of Paradise!" exclaims the boy-guide, and they acknowledge the fitness of the name.

Ever and anon they have to stoop low and almost crawl through narrow passages, but this inconvenience is of brief duration and quite forgotten, when they stand erect again in some new chamber of wonder.

A clear spring runs through the cave. They drink of the cold, pellucid water, and declare they have never tasted a more refreshing draught.

Now they are ushered into the ball room, with its smooth floor, its decorated walls, its orchestra for musicians—its ottomans for the weary. They seat themselves while the youthful guide, in a set, sullen way, recounts how many balls are given there—how the walls are illuminated by thousands of candles—how the dancers foot it for hours to merry music—how the feast is spread, and how the old cave rings with the sound of revelry. But he relates all this as though there was nothing in the recollection of the fête to sur-

rise or please him;—as though he had undoubtdly witnessed these festive scenes, but his sombre ulness had never been stirred by them.

They have no time to linger—they pass on.

"The leaning tower of Pisa!" ejaculates the uide—"The Natural Bridge."

Yes—they behold remarkable representations f both. They wander into another chamber ill. Jessie is the first to stop. She exclaims, azing upwards with a radiant countenance, Oh! how exquisite!"

"The bridal comb and veil!" quoth the uide.

It is indeed a Spanish-shaped comb over which roops a long, snow-white veil of finest texture, littering as though inwrought with brightest ems. Beyond is the "shower of diamonds," a erfect *rain* of effulgence—and near, a sparkling andelier.

But it would consume pages to enumerate all ie strange, grotesque, fantastic creations in that arvellous cave. Pause we here.

The wanderings of Herman and Jessie, through s intricate windings, occupied from four to five ours.

The air was so cool and invigorating that essie, in spite of her feebleness, was hardly con-

scious of fatigue until she once more found herself in the passage near the cavern's mouth.

The light that streamed in resembled that of a soft moon. They extinguished their candles, that it might become more apparent.

After resting awhile in the vestibule, they return to the quiet little inn. Jessie was obliged to seek her couch at once. The pretty Rachel, as she helped to disrobe her, proved an amusing and efficient handmaiden.

Jessie lay for several hours in a half dreamy state, wandering in thought through the enchanted halls of the cave, and recalling all its beauties.

The next morning they bade adieu to their juvenile hosts and returned to Staunton.

The morning after, they started at six o'clock, in the Central train for Richmond. Once more they passed over the magnificent Blue Ridge. The passage was now made at Rockfish Gap, and in the railway cars.

They seemed floating in some steam-engine balloon over the tops of mountains—over grand, extensive forests—over verdant glebes, intersected here and there with leaping rivulets—over cottage homes, and well-tilled farms. The descent appeared to be more perilous, though it was far less

rapid than the rushing down of the stagecoach when they crossed at Buford's Gap.

They obtained a fine view of the noble University of Virginia.

At half-past one o'clock, they reached Richmond. At the hotel they were once more welcomed by a group of colored attendants, foremost among which stood Aunt Sylvia, who quickly espied and took bodily possession of her favorite.

CHAPTER XVII.

CLOUDS.

JESSIE delighted to retrace in thought her brief journey through the grand "old dominion." She had stored up a vast gallery of beautiful images in the chambers of memory and contemplated them with unwearied pleasure. Is not to embellish those temple walls of the mind one of the highest uses of travel?

Her health had undergone a wonderful change. Her step had regained something of its former airiness. The summer roses had once more faintly reflected their bloom upon her cheeks. Her eyes were less heavily shaded by their drooping lids. Her whole mien had lost its oppressive languor.

Herman noted these happy prognostics with a throbbing heart. He thought they augured a complete restoration. His own gushing flow of animal spirits had been checked when he saw her fading by his side. Now his lively organization resumed its native tone.

The first sweet days of unclouded anticipation,

which they had spent in Boston, seemed to return. She was now his constant companion, the good angel ever by his side. Until the close of the theatre, his time had been so wholly engrossed by her illness, and the claims of his profession, that he could not, according to his wont, search out every object of interest within reach. He had seen but very little of "the city of hills and of schools," as it is not inappropriately called,—for certainly no city in the United States, of the same dimensions, can boast of so large a number of either. May we look upon these natural and acquired advantages as signs of elevation and education extraordinary? Now Herman conducted Jessie to the Capitol, where, directly beneath the dome, stood Houdon's unsurpassed statue of Washington, modelled from exact measurement of the living man. They wandered through the well-ordered Capitol grounds and examined the granite structure where, facing the Governor's mansion, Crawford's master-piece of art, the Washington Monument, was in process of erection. Herman took her to the spot where the first theatre was burned to the ground. The Monumental Church stands in its place, with the ashes of the sixty, who lost their lives in the flames, inurned before its portals.

On Sunday they visited the African church, saw the throng of devout colored disciples listening to the exhortation of their pastor with rapt attention; and heard their melodious voices raised in adoration. Jessie could distinguish Aunt Sylvia's piercing tones, the loudest among the loud.

The next day they drove to that most picturesque of cemeteries, Hollywood, and gave the tribute of their ever ready admiration to its groves of holly, its gentle hills, its sequestered dells, its low-voiced brook, its glorious prospects!

Then they drove to Church Hill and Gamble's Hill, and contemplated the lovely landscapes revealed from their heights.

Herman was very desirous of beholding the far-famed site of the royal residence of the Indian chief Powhatan;—some affirm, the scene of Pocahontas's heroic rescue of Captain Smith. It is now a private country seat, though often resorted to by strangers. All Herman's persuasions could not induce Jessie to allow him to obtain permission for them to visit the famous locality. Her sensitiveness and her reserve were unconquerable.

When every noteworthy locality in Richmond and its environs had been exhausted, no doubt the ever restless motion of Herman's blood would have impelled him to seek change or occupa-

on. Both were unexpectedly provided before
ɜ began to feel their need.

He received an urgent letter from his old friend,
ıe manager of the Boston Museum, soliciting
im to enter into a new engagement. All the
ıeatres were closed during the summer season,
nd the Museum had the prospect, so the man-
ger assured Herman, of a "terrific business." He
oncluded by offering very tempting terms.

Jessie saw how Herman's countenance kindled
s he read the letter, how his whole frame
eemed penetrated with delightful emotion as
he olden charm of personation stole over him
ke a spell.

"Let us go!" she exclaimed, "let us go back
o Boston—let us go at once. We shall see my
nly friend on this side of the ocean, Miss Pome-
oy. I can make ready in a day."

An assent was dispatched by the next mail.

Aunt Sylvia was once more busily employed
ı packing. She parted very reluctantly with her
harge. As she grasped both of Jessie's hands in
dieu, she said, "Seek de Lord, young Missus—
eek de Lord! Make your blessed bed in Heaven.
There aint no peace nowhar but dar. Jordan's
hard road to travel, but it's blessed to dem dat
ets to de end ont. Don't you go to forget old

Sylvy, and jus mind her words to seek de Lord. Dem's her partin monitions."

Two days after the reception of the letter, Jessie and Herman left Richmond in one of the admirable steamers that run, twice every week, to New York. In thirty-six hours they reached that city, and the same afternoon took the Fall River steamboat for Boston. At daydawn they beheld again the familiar objects they had first looked upon in this new land.

A line to Miss Pomeroy brought her quickly to the hotel, where they now took up their abode. They preferred it to a boarding-house, for Jessie had more privacy, and that was her first requisite.

Very precious to Jessie was the intercourse of friendship. She welcomed Miss Pomeroy with a sisterly warmth which she had never bestowed on any one except Jeannie.

Jessie listened meekly to Miss Pomeroy's chiding. She was wounded that the young actress had refused to receive the friends to whom she wished to present her in Richmond; that Jessie had persisted in such entire seclusion; she had wronged, by her judgment of them, many warm, liberal hearts; she had needlessly shut herself out of much social enjoyment.

"It may be so," said Jessie, "but I never could get that canon of the Episcopal church in Virginia out of my head. I may have been unjust in my conclusions. I fear I have been, but you know I dread strangers at all times."

Herman was received by the Boston audience with demonstrations of the most genuine enthusiasm. Inspired by this token of remembrance and approval, he surpassed all his former efforts.

Jessie accompanied him to the Museum every night. She sat at the wing in a high-backed chair brought from the property room, and often used on the stage as the uneasy seat of royalty. With what tender emotion she watched him!

It was nearly a year since she had witnessed any of his personations, and she was astonished at the originality and beauty of his embodiment. His talents for the stage were indisputable. But they had required time to develop. He had wrongly imagined that an unpractised hand could strike the chords of Melpomene's lyre, and draw forth music. Study alone could teach the trick of sounding the strings.

Night after night, and week after week passed on, and Herman took firmer hold of his audience than ever. Yet his powers to achieve hardly kept pace with his ambition. He was highly elated,

but his exaltation of mind plunged him into no excess. With a strong hand he could now bridle his rash impulses.

His acquaintance was sought by gay young men, *habitués* of the theatre; he was courted and caressed; he was the star of the hour; but the temptations that once led him astray had no longer power over him.

Herman had very inadequate female support. The manager proposed that Jessie should resume her professional duties. Herman would not listen to this suggestion; she should never toil again while he had the power to supply her wants, and that power had happily been granted him.

A higher pinnacle was soon pointed out for his climbing. He received overtures from the first theatre in Boston. But there his engagement would have been but for a few weeks' duration. In those days stars of magnitude were not fixed; they travelled from city to city, displaying their light for a brief season, then giving place to some other luminary.

Herman had ceased to act on impulse. He declined this flattering offer, and accepted one from the manager of the Museum, which occupied his time until the coming spring. After that, he proposed making the tour of the States, and

appearing in every city where he could obtain an engagement.

Jessie would have shared his pleasure in forming these plans, if her heart had not constantly yearned for her English home—her sister—her child. She saw that, after the present year dragged to its close, they would still be separated; still another year must be endured in a foreign land.

But Herman's fondly laid plans were doomed to be frustrated. Hardly had the cold weather set in, when Jessie's health again began to decline. She struggled bravely to conceal her weakness—to stifle her cough in Herman's presence, that she might not render him uneasy. She still accompanied him to the Museum and watched his performances with unflagging interest. The members of the company treated her with the utmost kindness though she formed no intimacies.

One night, as Herman was enacting St. Pierre, she grew unusually excited by his personation. Her cough increased in violence, but was hardly heeded until the handkerchief that she held to her lips was dyed a deep red. Jessie was startled, yet she feared to alarm Herman—perhaps to mar his grand conclusion of a performance which was

winning his greenest laurels,—she resolutely co trolled her emotion.

When he left the stage, at the close of t fourth act, and tenderly leaning over her, told h how much he regretted to hear her cough so ofte she smiled, though faintly, and answered witho disclosing the sad discovery she had made. S even hurried him away to arrange his costu for the dying scene, and told him how impre sively he was acting.

He obeyed her in happy unconsciousness c her state.

Through the whole of the fifth act every cou of Jessie's was followed by that red tide, yet s made no sign. The curtain fell, Herman w vociferously cheered. He acknowledged the sun mons of the audience, and then, radiant wi smiles, joined his wife, to listen, as he thought, her dearer praises. The deadly pallor of h countenance alarmed him.

"Good Heavens! Jessie, what has happene You are very ill."

"Take me home quickly!" was all she cou say in answer.

Without changing his cavalier costume caught her in his arms, solicited one of the scen shifters who stood near to go for the physician

whom Jessie had been attended, placed her in a carriage, and they drove home. Her cough was so incessant that she did not attempt to reply, save by the pressure of her hand, to his tender words. Herman never divined the sad truth until they reached their apartment and he had laid her on her bed.

The physician, who quickly arrived, found it difficult to calm the distracted husband's paroxysm of terror. Jessie's danger was imminent—that could not be denied. It was some hours before the flow of blood was arrested, and then she lay exhausted, and but half conscious.

The next day Herman never left her side for a moment, but at night he was forced to enact the hero while he was in reality playing the martyr. He returned home with a heavy heart to his wife, to see her strength, her life, slowly, yet visibly wasting away, while it seemed as though no earthly power could arrest the ebbing tide.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MILDRED AND THE BULFINCH.

And Jeannie—how fared it with her duri this long interval of separation—these we years that she had been severed from herself being divided from her heart's sister—her tv spirit?

The care of little Mildred had been a ming source of joy and painful anxiety. It would difficult to conceive a more bewitching, captiv ing creature than this wayward, yet lovely chi She was now five years of age—the incarnati of *riante*, froward, jocund infancy. In spite the beautiful heritage of her mother's dark e and brows, she strangely resembled her father appearance. Her hair, which twined itself int wild mass of untaught ringlets, was of the sun hue that his had been in babyhood. He h transmitted to her his buoyant, vehement te perament—his spontaneity and restlessness. I little heart seemed ever overflowing with the reasoning, gushing mirth of childhood; her afl

tions were easily excited; but she was wilful, domineering, always engaged in some merry mischief,—always plunging headlong into danger, and extricating herself with a coolness and bravery that startled and confounded those who beheld her. She at once delighted and perplexed

> "With her moods of shade and sunshine,
> Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
> Feet as rapid as the river,
> Tresses flowing like the water,
> And as musical a laughter." *

Jeannie, unable to follow her from place to place, often sought in vain to chain or charm the child to her side. Heedless of the gentle but imploring voice that bade her stay, she would bound from the chamber and disappear.

Before Liza, at Jeannie's request, could capture her, she was down on the stage, or up in "the flies," or in the scenic artist's room, handling his brushes, daubing over his painting, upsetting glue pots, and playing all sorts of elfin pranks. She seemed to be thoroughly imbued with her father's passion for the stage. Not unfrequently she was discovered in some of the dressing-rooms of the theatre, decked out with

* Longfellow.

finery, which she had abstracted from the wardrobe, enacting improvised heroines to a host of juvenile spectators.

More than once, when a pantomime was represented, she eluded Jeannie's vigilance, stole to the tiring-room of the children, and coaxing off one of the little girl's dresses, arrayed herself as one of the goblin band, and accompanied the group upon the stage. But the unusual *abandon* and frolicsomeness of the strange imp invariably betrayed her. When she was detected, Mr. Hawkwood took especial pleasure in carrying the screaming, struggling child to Jeannie's apartment. As he delivered her into custody, he often froze Jeannie's blood by his solemn prophecy that this young one would come to no good. He was sure of that—let Jeannie remember his words when his prediction was fulfilled!

Jeannie would begin a grave reproof, but Mildred's chubby arms were flung around her neck, and her mouth was stopped with kisses. When she insisted on speaking, the child's comical antics, and arch defence of her histrionic predilections, made it impossible to preserve a serious countenance.

Jeannie devoted several hours every day to her instruction. Whatever she chose to acquire, she

earned with astonishing rapidity—but the knowledge she preferred was usually of a fanciful and unpractical character. Her powers of imitation were wonderful. She would often burst into Jeannie's room, and throwing herself into a startling attitude, correctly execute the most difficult evolutions of the dancers who were practising on the stage below. There was not a person in the theatre whom she could not accurately mimic, and there was only one whom she would not. She always replied with petulant indignation, when any of the actors dared her "take off" Aunt Jeannie.

In spite of her perverse ways she fondly loved Jeannie, and a tear in her eye would do more to check her waywardness than remonstrances, reproaches, or threats of punishment could ever have effected.

Mildred was strong, vigorous—her physique remarkably developed. She would easily have been mistaken for a child in her seventh or eighth year.

Since Jessie's departure, Jeannie's apartment had been more resorted to, by the members of the company, than ever. It was a spot where almost all loved to congregate. The quietude of that picturesque little chamber imparted a sense

of repose even amidst toil. Then Jeannie's presence had a composing influence over untranquil spirits. There was seldom a discussion or quarrel in the theatre that the parties did not bring their grievances before Jeannie. Both sides appealed to her as umpire of their wrongs. And she, with the faculty which a life-pervading charity imparts,

> "from some slender vein
> Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
> Struck sunlight o'er"

actions which both were resolved to regard in the blackness of blind wrath.

"I can't understand it, Jeannie," said Dorothy to her on one of these occasions—"there's no making you blame either party—there's no getting you indignant or making you feel that there's no earthly excuse for such conduct. I don't understand the secret of it. Why can't you come out boldly and say it's a horrid shame, and they deserve the worst they can get!"

"So I would, perhaps, if I had nothing to accuse myself of;" answered Jeannie mildly. "I, myself, have only to recall the evil I have not avoided in the past—which I may not have the strength to shun in the future;—I have only to think of the good I might have done and have

not done, and I dare not lift my voice to censure a weak fellow-mortal."

"*You* not do all the good you could?—*You* ever do any harm? I don't believe it!" replied Dolly energetically.

"I wish the angels, who see us always, did not."

"As to that," answered Dolly in her reckless way, "I don't know that I should believe any thing about angels, if I didn't think that you were one yourself. Of this I'm certain, I can't feel half so wicked when I'm sitting here beside you, as I can at other times."

It was true that Jeannie had the lovable power to conjure up all the slumbering goodness, all the gentler, better attributes of the natures with which she was brought in contact. We are all of us musical instruments, heaven-strung, and designed to give forth sweet strains in praise of the creating hand,—but most of us are vilely out of tune. Jeannie's accordant touch had the gift of bringing into harmony the discordant heart-strings of others, until they marvelled at their own unwonted melody.

It was this faculty which Dorothy recognized, though she could not have analyzed her emotions, or framed them into language.

And where was Sylvester? He had long since

made declaration of his passion and had been quietly assured that it could never be returned. Still, with wonderful patience, he leaned upon Hope, "a lover's staff," as Shakespeare styles it, and "managed it against despairing thoughts." He still hovered around Jeannie, too happy when he could sometimes catch

> "The falling music of a gracious word,
> Or the stray sunshine of a smile."

It was now the third spring that the sisters had been separated.

Jeannie was sitting in her chamber, musing mournfully over the tidings of Jessie's protracted illness, and striving to familiarize her thoughts with the heart-rending possibility of never again meeting her in this life.

Mildred was playing with the bulfinch, imitating his sweet notes, feeding him from her lips, and teaching him to obey her call. She closed the window, as usual, before she took him from his cage. Tame as he was, Jeannie had always been fearful of tempting him with offered liberty.

Jeannie was bending over her endless embroidery, when she was startled from her sad thoughts by a loud cry from the child.

"Oh! Bulbul! Bulbul! My bird! he's gone! he's gone! he's flown!"

Mildred was standing at the window. She had raised it out of sport—just to see if the bird would want to fly. She had stretched her hand out of the casement with the bird resting on her finger. The soft breeze, the blue sky had called him—he had obeyed the summons.

When Jeannie reached the window, the bird had alighted upon the roof of a neighboring residence. Mildred was screaming violently and calling to him. Either her cries, or the approach of some supposed danger, frightened the truant. He again spread his wings, and Mildred shouted louder than ever. She saw him fly through an open window of the adjacent hotel.

"Oh! I see where he has gone! I can catch him there!"

Before Jeannie could stop her, away darted the child. Jeannie knew that it was in vain to call her back, or to send after her. She stood watching at the window until she saw Mildred gain admission into the house; then returned to her work, patiently to await the result.

Jeannie was strongly attached to the bulfinch. There were sweet associations conjured up by his warbling—no other bird could ever sing half so tunefully to her ears.

Mildred, with a few hurried, unintelligible

words, rushed by the servant who opened the door, hastened up stairs, made a rapid search through several apartments, and at last entered the one where the bird had taken refuge.

There was but one occupant of the chamber; a gray-haired man, thin, pale, and evidently worn with sorrow. He sat in an arm-chair, his head gloomily resting on his hands. He was apparently waiting for some expected visiter. He had not noticed the bird fluttering around the room, but the vision of that beautiful child, with her fair hair floating luxuriantly over her shoulders, her black, flashing eyes, her crimsoned cheeks, her quick, undulating movements, roused him from a mournful reverie.

"See! there he is! our Bulbul—our pretty Bulbul! oh, help me to catch him! Aunt Jeannie's pet and my pet,—we can't part with our bird!" and Mildred sprang from side to side, pursuing the terrified bird which fluttered out of her reach and struck his head constantly against the ceiling.

The old man, involuntarily interested in the child and her attempts, rose, and prudently closed the window and door.

"Now, little girl, we will see what we can do. Be patient, child. Don't frighten the poor flut-

terer. Sit still awhile and perhaps he will alight somewhere. You will make him kill himself, bumping against the ceiling, if you chase him so."

He resumed his seat, drew the reluctant and excited child to him, and held her by her wrist.

With face upturned, and glistening eyes, she watched the bird and murmured in a low, sweet voice, "poor Bulbul! pretty Bulbul!"

Several times she made an effort to pursue him again, but the old man restrained her.

"You can't do it that way, my dear. He is tiring himself out. Wait until he alights—we will have him presently."

"Oh! you are so good! such a dear, good old man!" said Mildred, giving one glance at her new friend, and then turning her eyes upon the bird again.

At last the panting bird, after dashing against the window frames, high out of reach, suddenly received such a blow that he fell, half-stunned, to the ground.

Mildred broke from the stranger's grasp, but, as she approached, the bird flew upwards again. As he rose, he struck the lower panes—the old man threw his handkerchief over him—he fell again to the ground, and this time was captured.

"See, we have him safe at last, my little one;" said he, as he carefully took the bird from the folds of the handkerchief.

Mildred gave a wild bound of delight, and a shout of joy—then took the trembling bird and caressed him, and lavished all sorts of tender epithets upon him, and mimicked his musical notes, regardless of the presence of the stranger.

He stood gazing upon her in affectionate admiration, waiting for an opportunity when he could question her, and learn to whom she belonged, for his heart yearned towards infancy.

"Oh! I'm so glad—so glad!" said Mildred, as she caught his eye. "It was so good of you."

"Now that you have the bird safe, won't you speak a few words to me, my child? Won't you tell me your name?"

"Millie—Mildred!"

"Mildred!" repeated the stranger with a half sigh; it was not a common name, and it was the name of his wife. "Mildred, and what else?" he asked with increased interest.

"Mildred Landor!"

The old man gave a violent start.

"Mildred Landor! Mildred Landor!" he repeated, almost overpowered with agitation. "Oh! my God!"

He covered his face, and seemed to be weeping. Then recovering himself, as though he felt assured that this was but some strange coincidence, he addressed the wondering child again. She had laid her hand on his shoulder when she saw his sudden burst of grief, and now stood quietly beside him.

"And your father and mother, where do they live?"

"Over in America," replied the child with a sorrowful countenance, as though she had been taught to lament the absence of parents she could not even remember.

"America!" gasped the old man, now more strongly moved than ever. "And you—where do you live?"

"Come—and I will show you—it's not far. I must take Bulbul to his cage—see how he flutters and pants."

"Where? where?" again asked the stranger.

"With Aunt Jeannie," replied the child, beginning to be alarmed by his manner, though she was a dauntless little creature.

"Where?" was all he could repeat, and the word was uttered with great difficulty.

"Close by—over in the theatre yonder."

"Then it *is* so! My child! My child! How

could I help knowing that face—that look—so like my boy's? It *is* his child—*my* child!" and he strained the reluctant little girl to his bosom.

Her alarm increased at this inexplicable demonstration, and she struggled to free herself from the arms that clasped her so fondly.

With a violent effort, she at length broke from his embrace, and bounded towards the door—looked back, and seeing the old man's moistened cheek, said pityingly, "What you cry for?" and returned to him.

"Millie, my darling child, you do not know who is talking to you—it's your own grandfather; your father's father."

"Aunt Jeannie said I had a grandpapa, but that she never saw him. Won't you come and see Aunt Jeannie now, grandpapa?" asked the child, with winning trustfulness, acknowledging the kinship.

Mr. Landor hesitated—"where is she?"

"Oh! she's always in her room, you know—in the theatre yonder. She can't walk out—they call Aunt Jeannie a cripple. She lives way up top of the old place in a little room all by herself. She and I live there together."

"The theatre!" muttered Mr. Landor with a slight shudder. Then he gazed again at the

child very fondly. "I have discarded him—that's done—my word is passed; but I did not say that my wrath should be visited on his child—I said nothing of this innocent little one. I will see this aunt and judge for myself. I will beg the child of her; I will take the dear creature home to its grandmother, and perhaps that may keep her poor heart from wholly breaking. Little Millie is too young to have learned harm over there. I'll take her home to comfort the old woman."

While Mr. Landor was making these internal reflections, Millie was pulling impatiently at his coat.

"Come, come, I want to put Bulbul back into his cage. Aunt Jeannie will be fretting for me. Come and see her, grandpapa—won't you?"

"Yes, I'll go, I'll go."

The old man and little girl went out together, she as his conductor.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DISCOVERY.

Mr. Landor had visited London for the express purpose of learning some tidings of Herman. Direct communication with him he could not have sought—that his oath forbade. His wife, since her alienation from her only son, had been subject to fits of deep despondency. The birth of Herman's child had at first filled her heart with joyous emotions. Bright visions of the future, to which she gave no utterance, floated before her, and stirred her heart with long departed joy. But, as year after year passed on, and no further intelligence was received, she gradually sank into a state of hopeless melancholy. She knew that it was useless to argue with her husband. He was bound by principle, and martyred himself and her from a sense of right. He could not be moved. She had promised him to hold no communication with Herman, and though her maternal feelings often prompted her to break her word, it was sacredly kept.

How eagerly she searched the papers to catch but a glimpse of his name! She found it, at last, accompanied by the brief information that he was becoming a great favorite with the American public!

"See," she said, holding out the paper to her husband, while the tears coursed down her withered cheeks, "he has crossed the water—he is further from us than ever! My son! I shall never behold him again!"

A long interval elapsed without additional tidings.

Every day Mrs. Landor sat for hours, eagerly poring over the newspapers, which she unfolded with trembling hands. She searched in vain. At last, Mr. Landor, overcome by the sight of his wife's silent but ever-increasing anguish, resolved to go to London, to seek Hawkwood, and learn from this valued friend some intelligence of Herman, which he could bring back to cheer his wife.

Immediately after Mr. Landor's arrival, he had dispatched a note to the wily actor, and waited at a hotel, near the theatre, for him to answer it in person. Hawkwood was detained by a long rehearsal. When, at its close, he obeyed Mr. Landor's summons with malicious glee, he found

that his friend had departed, and without leaving any message. He sat down to await his return.

Meantime Mr. Landor had followed little Mildred, who guided him, through the private entrance of the theatre, up the long flights of narrow stairs, to the busy wardrobe room.

The pale needlewomen looked up wonderingly from their work at the sight of the stranger led by little Mildred. As they passed on, she was chattering merrily and with the self-important air of an accomplished cicerone.

"This is aunt Jeannie's room—come in!" said little Millie, throwing open the door, and bounding into the chamber with the bird in her outstretched hand.

"See—I have Bulbul safe—I caught him;—see how he flutters! I must put him in prison, to punish him for flying away;" and Millie sprang upon a chair and opened the cage, forgetting in her delight to introduce her companion.

Mr. Landor stood on the threshold of that chamber, as his son had paused there, for the first time, years before, inhaling (even as he had done) the perfume-laden air, and gazing around (as he did) with an expression of mingled amazement and pleasure.

Jeannie, when she beheld the stranger, laid down her work in some confusion, and placed her hand on the crutches, which always stood near her couch. She made an attempt to rise.

"Do not disturb yourself," said Mr. Landor kindly, and entering the chamber. "Pardon my abrupt intrusion. Little Mildred found me in the hotel yonder. I helped her to capture the bird, and I only learned by accident—though I ought to have known from her strong resemblance"—here he paused a moment—"whose child she was. She has forgotten to introduce me."

"Yes—it was I brought grandpapa to see you, Aunt Jeannie."

"Grandpapa! Is it possible?" exclaimed Jeannie, in her turn strongly moved.

"Yes, if this be the child of Herman Landor—for he is my son—my only son! The son who has so cruelly abandoned father and mother in their old age!"

"Oh! sir, I never thought to have the pleasure of seeing you, of talking to you of him and of my dear sister. I knew that you objected to the marriage because she, poor child, was an actress, and the daughter of an actress; but Herman would never give us any particulars of your dis-

pleasure, and we were too delicate to press the subject."

"*Not* because she was an actress! I would not have been so cruel and unjust as that. I would not have discarded my son for marrying any honest woman."

Jeannie, her dark eyes dilated with wonder and horror, looked at him for some time with steady gaze, before she spoke. The power of utterance seemed suspended.

When at last the fetters of her tongue were loosed, she exclaimed indignantly, "Is there a being living who could venture to hint even that my sister, my own, noble, pure-hearted Jessie was not worthy of any man, if virtue and goodness could render her worthy? Mr. Landor, you could not mean to insult her—to insult me by suggesting—" Jeannie shuddered, and could not finish the sentence.

There was something in her manner more convincing to Mr. Landor than the most eloquent representations and expostulations could have been.

"God forgive me!" he replied in a conscience-stricken tone, "if I have done her wrong—done my own son wrong! But I did not act impulsively, nor hastily. When I received my son's letter, I came to London to make inquiries. I saw one

of the members of this company, an old man who knew you both from childhood. His exact words I cannot repeat, but he gave me impressions that made me revolt from this union with my son. If they have been false—if they have been—oh God! how much I have to answer for!"

Jeannie disdained to reply to the latter portion of his sentence, and inquired with calm dignity, "the actor's name?"

"Hawkwood—Joseph Hawkwood!"

There was more indignation in Jeannie's tone than perhaps she had ever used in her life, as she replied, "And you could credit the word of such a man? A man who was never known to speak well of any human being—whose name is a bye-word, another term for slander,—beneath whose tongue lies the venom of a serpent's? And you never inquired if his words were true? You sought no other authority?"

"What motive could he have for deceiving me?" asked Mr. Landor deprecatingly, and with the air of a man who feels that he is justly accused, and has little plea for his own defence.

"The delight of traducing was motive enough, for to defame is his ruling passion. I have also heard of Herman's giving him offence at one of his first rehearsals. Go ask Mr. Hawkwood's

character of any one who knows him, and learn whether his word can be trusted. Go ask my dear sister's, and see whether a shadow has ever rested upon her stainless name."

"If this be true—" began the old man in a tone of anguish.

"*If* it be true," interrupted Jeannie, "sir, it *is* true."

"Oh! I feel it! I am sure of it!" said Mr. Landor, taking her hand. "What reparation can I make you—can I make my boy?"

"Aunt Jeannie," broke in little Mildred, "what's the matter with you, and what's the matter with grandpapa? What you both cry for? I won't love grandpapa if he makes you cry—no I won't," added she petulantly, snatching her hand away as her grandfather attempted to draw her to him. "I don't love him one bit, and papa and mamma shan't love him either—no they shan't!"

"They have had too little cause—too little cause! Heaven forgive me!" sighed Mr. Landor with contrition. "Oh! that evil-tongued man! And I credited him—never thought of learning his own character before I believed he had faithfully painted the object of my dear boy's choice. Brainless, doting fool! It is *I*, not Herman,—I who have nearly killed his mother!"

"I have a recent letter from Herman," said Jeannie soothingly, for she could not witness the old man's violent sorrow and self-reproach, unmoved.

"And he is well—happy too, perhaps, without a thought of us!"

"He is well, and doing well; but my sister, I fear, is—poor Jessie! poor Jessie! She has suffered much in a strange land. But Herman could not be contented here, and she followed him; and now—now we shall never see her again, for even Herman seems to despair! She is failing so fast, he gives me little hope! The Lord's will be done!"

"He must bring her back—bring her home! I will write this very day. I will make no conditions. I will only say, 'Come back—come back and bring your wife to us! Come all! wife, child, sister; share our home. Pursue what occupation you please—the stage, any thing you like, as you honor any vocation by your conduct; but, come back quickly!' Means—he shall have ample means! What has my wealth been worth since it was unshared by him? Nothing, worse than nothing!" Excitement choked his utterance.

"What music your words are to me!" said

Jeannie, "and my sister will return; her husband will be restored to your love; her child will—oh! Millie, darling, throw your arms around grandpapa's neck, and bless him and thank him!"

"No, no, no! He made you cry, aunt Jeannie; I don't love him—I won't kiss him." And she lavished upon her aunt the most tender caresses.

But, even after explanations and remonstrances, she could not be made to approach her grandfather. She had some indefinite feeling that he had caused pain to one she loved, and was not willing to pardon him.

Jeannie knew that it was in vain to argue with the froward child. Mr. Landor looked wounded, and tried fruitlessly to lure her to him. Jeannie was compelled to beg him to desist, saying that Millie would be more reasonable when she comprehended matters better.

Mr. Landor relinquished his attempts with reluctance.

Turning once more to Jeannie, he said, "And you live here all alone; you work for your livelihood," (glancing at the rich embroidery lying on the floor;) "you, an invalid, work; you are poor, doubtless?"

"'Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough,'" replied Jeannie, in a cheerful tone.

"But how dreadful it must be for you to be compelled to labor, for it is easy to see that you are weak, that you have suffered."

"Not dreadful, while my faith is strong that, whether little or much of worldly goods is received, we all receive *as much as is profitable for us*,—little they to whom little is profitable, and much they to whom much is profitable. The Lord alone knows how much is good for me, and he has the final, eternal good, always in view. Thus I have not found it dreadful to have no more than he willed. Are they not wise words, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth?'"

"Would that you could teach that lesson to the many who murmur! But, you must toil no more; you must come home with me; come home at once to cheer Herman's mother; you will be a dear companion to her."

"Thank you, for your great goodness, but I had better wait until I hear from my sister and brother. Still, I am equally grateful."

"Wait! No, that can't be. You must come and talk to my wife of her son, her darling boy, and bring the little daughter to cheer her. We may save her yet, for I have sometimes feared she was dying of grief. No, we can't wait."

Jeannie still hesitated.

"Can you refuse to perform such an office of mercy? Will you not show me that I am fully pardoned for my blind inhumanity, by consenting? When will you go with me? You shall have birds and flowers in abundance, and the most beautiful of views from your window, instead of that patch of blue sky just showing above the chimney tops. When will you go with me?"

"No—no, Aunt Jeannie shan't go with you! you made her cry—we won't go!" cried out little Mildred. "We won't!" stamping her tiny foot with a determined air.

"Yes, Mildred—grandpapa will make us happy, and papa and mamma will return. Yes, we will go in a few days as soon as I can get ready."

"A few days! No—that won't do either. I suppose you can't pull up stakes in time for this afternoon's train? Then, say to-morrow. You can't have much to pack." And he smiled significantly, as he glanced around the room.

Jeannie reflected his smile in assent to what was so obvious.

"Then say to-morrow! No doubt there are plenty to help you in getting your extensive prop-

erty together. I wish I was skilful enough in such matters to turn to and lend a hand myself. But my old woman never would allow me to touch an article when she was busy packing, so I can't boast of experience. Say to-morrow, there's a dear girl. I feel as though I could not part with you again. Already my heart clings to you. I hope your sister is like you. Such a wife is just what I could have wished for my boy. Oh! if I could but have seen you before."

The warm blood crimsoned Jeannie's cheeks and brow at those words, and she experienced a stifling, blinding sensation, as old dreams rushed back uninvoked, and the book of memory lay open at a forbidden page. The leaves were quickly sealed down again, and she replied with tolerable calmness, "We are twin sisters, and very much alike, every one says, except that Jessie was fresh, and strong, and well, and full of life and joyousness, until—until after the trials of her marriage. Now, I fear, she resembles me far more than she did when she became a bride. She was the incarnation of health and loveliness."

"And she owes to me—to my folly and obstinacy, the change. Miserable dotard that I am! But we will take tender care of her when she is once at home with us. We will atone, a thousand

times over, for all the past. But you and I will lay plans together for all that. Only say that I may come for you to-morrow, and that you will leave by the early train. Don't refuse—you will not?"

"No," replied Jeannie, "I will go, if I can be spared. Fortunately, at this moment the wardrobe is not crowded with work."

"That's a noble girl! You shall ever be a daughter to me. Your sister is my son's wife, and her twin sister shall be equally my daughter. Now, farewell. To-morrow I will come for you. Farewell, *my daughter!* Farewell, Millie."

He stooped down to kiss her, but the child still drew away, unreconciled. Jeannie signed to him not to urge her; entreaty was useless, and only confirmed her waywardness.

With a lighter heart than he had carried in his breast for years, and his benign countenance illumined with newly kindled hope, the old man departed.

We will not dwell upon his interview with Mr. Hawkwood, who still awaited him at the hotel.

Mr. Landor uttered few reproaches. Self-reproach, within his own heart, spoke with too loud a voice for him to rebuke another. He cut the discomfited actor short in his wily explanations

and assurances that he had only spoken what he believed to be the truth.

"You must pardon me if I have not time to hear any more," said Mr. Landor, coldly. "Good morning."

Hawkwood, white with impotent rage, turned away, pondering over the possibility of avenging such an insult. The only consolation of which his nature was susceptible, was drawn from the belief that some revenge would be in his power.

How Mrs. Budd bustled about Jeannie's chamber for the rest of the day! How she talked of the shortness of the time allowed her to pack—the shortness of life in general—and the time habitually squandered by young people! How the members of the company poured in to congratulate Jeannie, as soon as they heard the news!

Dorothy and Sylvester were the only two whose personal feelings would not allow them to rejoice.

Dorothy, with characteristic philosophy, soon made the best of what was inevitable. She vehemently told her lovelorn brother that matters might have been *worse*, and that, since Jeannie had made up her mind not to return his affection,

it was well she was going to be removed out of his sight. That was his best chance of getting over it and forgetting her.

But Sylvester did not take kindly to the proposed cure; he preferred the disease.

All at once, Mr. Brown, with a portentous countenance, appeared in the midst of the group now congregated in Jeannie's apartment. He was dismayed by the news which had just reached him. It was quite impossible, he declared, for him to consent to Jeannie Garnett's removal. He knew of no one who could supply her place—no one to whom he could entrust his finest embroideries. He must insist upon her relinquishing her intention to leave the establishment. It could hardly exist without her, as it certainly could not without him.

Jeannie found it very difficult to convince him that her resolution was unalterable. The interests of the theatre, of the wardrobe, in particular, were in his estimation paramount to all other matters. She could *not* be spared; that ought to be enough.

Jeannie, having exhausted her arguments, hailed Mrs. Budd's timely intervention. That well-intentioned person succeeded in luring Mr. Brown from the apartment, and in what manner

she reconciled him to Jeannie's departure, did not transpire. It is said he talked, for some time, of instituting a lawsuit against Jeannie for her desertion, but finally abandoned his intention; or perhaps the complaint he made to Mr. Landor was answered in so satisfactory a manner that he was silenced thereby.

When Mr. Landor came for Jeannie and Mildred the next morning, he found them surrounded by a crowd of humble friends taking an affectionate adieu.

Millie carried the bird cage. She was enchanted by the excitement and bustle, and was inclined to regard her grandfather with some affection, as its originator.

Jeannie was, of course, unable to walk. Sylvester prayed, as a great favor, that he might be the one selected to carry her to the carriage.

"Yes," said Dorothy, trying to gulp down her sobs; "don't refuse the poor fellow that. It might be more that he asked—it might be worse—" a great sob took her breath, and she could not conclude her sentence.

"Certainly, Sylvester," said Jeannie mildly. "I can trust myself to you; I am sure you will carry me safely, and I believe I am not heavy."

Light, however, as was that fragile form, Syl-

vester's arms trembled so much when he lifted her that he could hardly totter down the stairway with his beloved burden.

Dorothy, who followed him closely, now gave him a sharp blow on his back, and said, "Be a man, can't you? It would have been worse, if she had refused you even that!"

Jeannie was placed safely in the carriage. Millie, her bird-cage in hand, jumped in and took the seat beside her. Mr. Landor followed.

Her favorite flowers Jeannie had left in charge of Mrs. Budd, and she hoped some day to reclaim them, though she hardly liked to ask Mr. Landor to take them now.

Not the members of the company merely, but every one connected with the theatre, scenic artists, carpenters, scene-shifters, door-keepers, crowded around the coach to speak one last word to Jeannie, who was beloved by all. As the carriage drove away, they gave a shout of triumph that brought tears of gratitude to her eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

THE physician rose to depart. Herman followed him from the chamber, where they had sat through the long night, watching the faint gaspings of the exhausted invalid.

Herman's temperament was too sanguine to yield wholly to despair, but few and faint were the glimmerings of hope that now feebly pierced the darkness in which his spirit was immersed.

"She is very low, doctor, but she will recover?"

"It is not impossible; but I must warn you to prepare yourself for the worst. To arouse her from this semi-lethargy, I have tried the most potent restoratives; you have seen how fruitlessly. Her life seems to be slowly fading out without a struggle."

Herman listened to these fatal words as though he heard her death-warrant pronounced. Staggering under the weight of the blow, he reëntered the chamber and with uncertain steps approached

the bed. Long and earnestly he scanned her lovely features, hoping to read some denial there. She slept, or appeared to sleep, yet her eyes were not wholly closed. Under the half-shut lids, through the silky fringes, the dark orbs shone glassily. Not the faintest hue tinged her mouth or hollow cheeks. The breath that issued through those parted lips was scarcely perceptible, and left her bosom motionless. Herman gently raised the small, lily-white hand, and tried to discover the beating of a pulse. Was it the tumultuous throbbing of his own which prevented his detecting the faint fluttering of hers, or was she indeed dying?

He has fallen upon his knees beside the bed in convulsive agony. The door softly opens. A stealthy foot crosses the chamber. A letter is silently laid beside him. One glance—he recognizes his father's familiar characters! With an irrepressible cry of joy he tears the letter open, and reads pantingly.

That strange, wild cry has broken Jessie's stupor-like slumber. She is staring at him with a look of feeble surprise.

His countenance, his whole frame quivers with strong agitation. Still grasping the letter, he folds her in his arms, his hot tears are rained

upon her, and the breast on which she lies heaves like a turbulent sea.

"Herman!"

It was the first word she had uttered for several days.

"Jessie, my wife! my love! revive—live to be happy! Here are tidings that I fear to tell you—I fear the joy will be almost too great. Can you bear it?"

"Is it of Millie and Jeannie?" she murmured.

"Yes, of them, and of my father!"

Jessie raised herself suddenly at that last word, a new light shot from her dim eye, and the long absent rose-tint flashed back to her wan cheek.

"He has seen Jeannie and our daughter," continued Herman. "He loves them, he has taken them to his own house—to 'The Retreat,' in Devonshire. You know how often I have described it to you. He bids me bring you there, he makes no conditions—he calls us back to be his children!"

"Now I can die happy!" exclaimed Jessie fervently.

It was months since Herman had heard her tones so clear and strong.

"Die, Jessie! And what would my life be without you? What would even the joy of

restoration to my parents be worth? Oh! that you might live—that we might return together—that I might place you in my mother's arms! We will sail at once!"

"For England?" ejaculated Jessie.

"Yes—for England! We will go to Devonshire—to 'The Retreat,'—to our future home."

"Oh! Heavenly father! through how much sorrow thou hast fitted us to endure these abundant blessings!"

As Jessie spoke, her face had kindled as though new vitality had been infused into her frame.

"Thank God with me, my husband, or my heart will burst with its load of gratitude."

Together their fervent thanksgivings ascended to the eternal throne, and into their expanded and uplifted hearts a heavenly influx descended, and strength—serenity—all that was most needed, was poured upon them in affluent measure.

By prayer we draw down the light and heat divine, or rather we unclose the portals of the heart, to receive the light which is always shining—the "daily bread" of the soul, always waiting to be appropriated. It is given when fervently solicited, simply because the fervent asking opens the heart and enables us to take. The Lord's bounty is only limited by our capacity

for reception. Prayer increases not *His* desire to give, but our power to receive.

* * * * * * * *

Jeannie had found a home in Devonshire such as she had never before known. Herman's parents strove to outvie each other in surrounding her with comforts, with luxuries, and in endeavoring to render her happy. She was first in their hearts as she had been first in that of their son. She was only preparing, so she fondly hoped, a place, a dearer, holier place for her cherished sister.

Jeannie found Mrs. Landor a superior woman, though suspense and grief had somewhat broken her spirit, and impaired her health. It was easy to perceive that Herman inherited from her his buoyant temperament, his eccentric tendencies, his earnestness of purpose, his untiring activity. She only regarded life in its poetical aspects; thus her joys were brighter, her sorrows deeper, than those of more prosaic organizations. Thus she had gained the vague appellation of "romantic." She had never comprehended the existence of that matter-loving class to whom, as to the senseless Peter Bell,

> "The primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is *nothing more*."

With her whole heart she responded to the opinions of an English writer who says, "strip an individual existence down to its bare *prose*, and we at once revolt against the monstrous injustice. We know that the prose is only borne—only toiled through from the poetry which our fancy, our hopes, our affections, our faith, interweave with it, and because we are able to throw over the most squalid rags, and the most horrible misery, the purple robe of our dreams."

Mr. Landor was twenty years her senior. Her affection for him was mingled with a touch of awe and reverence. Their tastes and views had not always been accordant. He had been disciplined in the rigidly practical school; all her knowledge had been acquired in the imaginative; there she created to herself a world that preserved her heart in its early freshness.

As for little Mildred,

> "That late and high-prized gift,
> A little smiling grandchild,"

she became so much the idol of the old couple that her own welfare was endangered. The child soon tyranized over the whole household. She took the most unwarrantable liberties with her grandfather. But whether she powdered his coat, or put pepper in his snuff-box, or tied him to his

chair while he was napping, or fastened comical labels on his back, she was unreproved. He was only too happy that the frolicsome little elf would sometimes, when tired of play, nestle on his shoulder and submit to his caresses.

Though Millie was quite as much at home with her grandmother, though she as ardently loved her, she reserved all her mischievous mirth for the old man.

Jeannie's chamber is on the first floor, and opens into the drawing-room. It is a large, airy apartment. The bow-window uncloses upon a velvet lawn, beyond is a lovely woodland prospect. And Jeannie has had the little hanging garden, with its *parterre* of familiar flowers, transported to this window, and enlarged to suit its more expansive proportions. The air-plant too waves its pendent tendrils over the bulfinch's cage, occupying the same position as in Jeannie's lofty, many-year home. And there is the same rude hanging-library—the same engravings in their rustic frames—the same statuettes disposed about the walls. They formed the links of so many holy associations that Jeannie would not part with one of these humble adornments.

Mr. Landor has made an excursion to London, on important business, he said, but his visit added

largely to the pictorial embellishment of Jeannie's apartment, and it was never proved that he had any other errand to the great metropolis. Jeannie little thought that her chamber would one day boast of really valuable works of art.

In yonder corner stands the velocipede chair—Herman's first gift. Who would have ventured to predict that it would ever have been used in his paternal home?

The family group in Devonshire are anxiously anticipating a letter from Herman in reply to his father. The day on which it will be due is near at hand. But Herman had written no letter.

The sun is setting in prophetic splendor. Jeannie's couch is drawn to the window. She no longer bends over the wearisome embroidery ordered by Mr. Brown. In its place she holds a volume of Longfellow's poems. Herman and Jessie have taught her to love the poets of America. To the delicious soundings of this transatlantic minstrel's harp, she has hearkened with never-wearying delight.

Sometimes she lifts her eyes from the volume, to gaze on the distant horizon bathed in sapphire light—then turns to the book again. Mrs. Landor sits beside her, listening. Is it the reflection

of that sunset sky, or her rapt enthusiasm, that has restored so much youth to her countenance?

Jeannie reads in a clear, liquid, rapidly varying tone, that conjures the glowing images of the poet into vivid life before the eyes.

Millie and her grandfather are strolling through the adjacent woods. She has made him bear the willow basket which she is filling with bouquets of wild flowers. His arms are laden with blossoming boughs; he has ravished the trees at her regal pleasure. It is May-bloom he is carrying, for the queen-month of the year has just been crowned by the earth, with her floral coronal.

Hawthorn brighter than the pale bough Herman gathered for Jessie on the heights of the Blue Ridge! Hawthorn as roseate as that her fair hands grasped when that lovely vision first burst upon Herman's sight!

Jeannie started at the sound of approaching wheels—she hardly knew why. Raising her eyes from the book, she beheld a carriage, driving rapidly through the long avenue of trees, and approaching the house.

Her joyful exclamation caused Mrs. Landor to spring up. She saw a face looking from the carriage window, as though eager to recognize the

dear, familiar scenes—a bright, glowing, manly face—it was that of her son!

"Herman! My boy!" broke from the mother's quivering lips as with the step of girlhood she hurried to greet him, and flung the door wide—wide as the portals of her heart had long been thrown, for him to enter once more.

For a moment, Jeannie's agitation deprived her of motion—she sat with her hand pressed tightly on her heart as though to still its tumultuous throbbings—her eyes riveted on the carriage. It stops. Herman leaps out. His mother is clinging to his neck. Where is Jessie?

A thousand torturing thoughts rush, with the lightning's scathing rapidity, through Jeannie's brain, in answer to that question. He is alone—he is surely alone! See, he kisses his mother again and again—he is weeping—yet he dries her tears with a tender hand. She presses him to her heart anew—she is uttering words of consolation. Alas for Jeannie! The earth swam before her eyes—the universe seemed receding from her sight, sinking beneath her feet—that world where she might never more behold her sister, her dearer self!

Herman has returned to the carriage. Well might Jeannie utter a convulsive cry of joy and

cling to the window for support! Well might the sudden reaction stun—overpower her! It is his wife that Herman has gently lifted from the coach and whom he is leading to his mother! Jeannie once more beheld that beloved face, though so faded, so altered. Her sister lived—she was there—she was restored!

Jeannie seized her crutches and hurried to the hall with all the speed her motion, and her misfortune, permitted.

The young wife, even as she embraced her new mother, looked around for her sister. Before the others were aware of Jeannie's presence, Jessie saw her approaching in the distance. The twins were once more locked in each other's arms.

Mr. Landor, and his froward little granddaughter, were ignorant of the arrival, though a servant had been sent in search of them.

Anxious as were the youthful parents to behold their child—their father—how sweet, how purely, calmly happy was the half-hour that intervened before their appearance!

Herman sat by his mother's side, with his arm about her waist, relating to her all that had passed since they parted.

Jeannie had lured Jessie into her own apart-

ment, and the twin sisters, hand clasped in hand, conversed with heart-communion.

"You look as though you had suffered, Jessie dear,—how much! how very much! You are very pale, my own Jessie, and even thinner than I. Yet you are happy?"

"Beyond expression! All my sufferings have been good for me. I do not regret one hour's pain—nor one moment's trial. And Herman has been drawn nearer to me than he might ever have been but for our sorrows. Under the pressure of affliction, his spirit has expanded—has attracted to itself good influences—has been

'Bleached beneath the winds of trial,
Washed by sorrow's clearing rain.' *

"Day by day he grows more and more what I once despaired of his ever becoming. Ah, Jeannie! Every day I am more thoroughly convinced that, let us murmur as we will at our lot, and bemoan its trials, each individual is surrounded by the circumstances—(the apparently accidental circumstances) that fit him best to bring forth the whole strength, capacity, beauty of his soul."

A gleeful shout and a bounding step, in the adjoining apartment, fell on Jessie's ear and interrupted her.

* Epes Sargent.

"It is Millie," said Jeannie, but Jessie was sure of that before she spoke. In a moment she was in the other room.

A sportive child, with her arms full of May-bloom, was leaping out of Herman's reach, for he had started up to embrace her.

"It is your father," said Mrs. Landor.

But Millie only turned her *riante* face and gave a shy look over her shoulder as she was running away.

"Your mother, too, my darling," said the grandmother, when she saw Jessie.

Perhaps the striking likeness to her beloved aunt, attracted the wayward child, for she involuntarily dropped the May-bloom and sprang into Jessie's extended arms. After that long, maternal greeting, she permitted herself to be led to her father.

Just then Mr. Landor entered. Millie's rapid feet had outstripped his. He came in loaded, as the child had been, with hawthorn branches, and carrying her basket of wild flowers.

Surprise and joy rendered him speechless as he embraced his son,—for a mere grasp of the hand, however warm, would not have satisfied either of them.

When Jessie's turn came, he regained his voice

and said in a broken tone: "I have done you wrong, my daughter; and my life—all that remains of it, shall be devoted to atonement. Here is your home, but I place no restrictions on you or your husband. Let him be an actor if he will. Henceforth I honor the profession that has given me such a daughter—two such daughters!" extending his hand to Jeannie and clasping hers with her sister's.

"No—my father," replied Herman. "I am now able to comply with your wishes. I have sown the wild oats, and reaped them, and I trust another, better harvest will testify to the fertility of the soil. I will make this my home and Jessie's, I will embrace the occupation you desire. I resented the attempt at compulsion—I cannot resist your love, your kindness to my dear wife—my sister—my child."

Herman was true to his word.

Surrounded by an atmosphere of unambitious content, he and Jessie

"Yoked in all exercise of noble end,"

walked cheerfully on their way in life's journey. The shadows of the past formed a background of clouds upon which the present and future painted all their landscapes with orient hues.

The aged couple—their parents—gently descended the vale of life with thankful hearts.

Millie—it is difficult to prophesy her future. She early evinces her father's unconquerable predilection for the stage. While he regrets this bias of her mind, Herman resolves to profit by his own lessons, to guide, not force her inclinations. The germs of goodness and truth are thickly grafted in her mind, and, be her destiny what it may, these, through Divine Providence, will be her safeguard.

Jeannie's holy renunciation—her silent heroism, won for her

"The night that calms—the day that cheers."

She never married. One only love-light had thrown its radiance over her path—*that* quenched, perchance half-forgotten, it could be rekindled by no second torch. It has been truly said, "The largest heart is that which only one can rest upon or impress."

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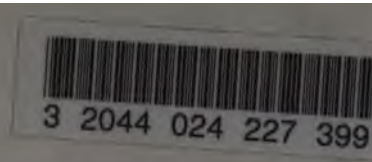

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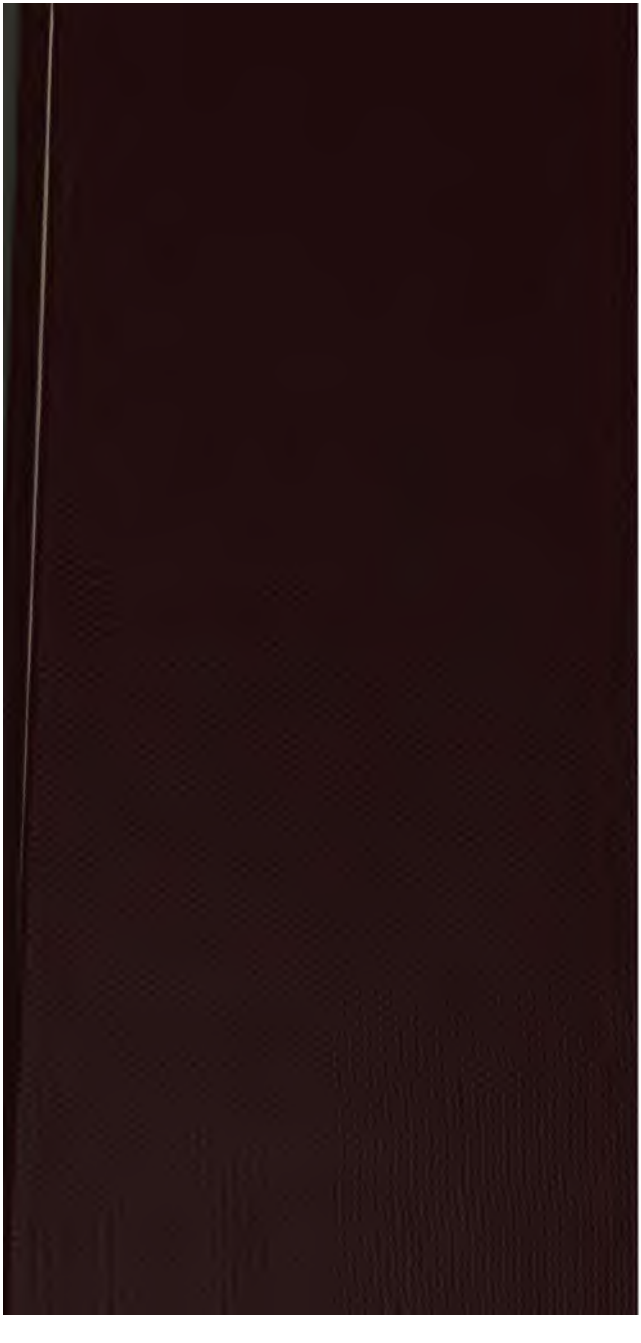
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